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*The
Gambler
At
Desert
Stop*

*By
Thomas B. DeMint*

Port Covington's lean long form was almost indistinguishable in the dim light of the room. The entire old Georgian atmosphere had a red glow to it as the late afternoon sun sifted through the heavy red drapes. The pungent scent of liquor hung heavy in the closeness of the room. With the squeek of the four poster Port swung his legs off the bed into a sitting position and reached for the half filled decanter on the marble topped table beside his bed. He poured a drink and sat

motionless for long minutes feeling the perspiration from just that little exertion. Outside, several horses stood, heads drooping at a hitching rail, their tails swishing at flies. Horse sweat and saddle leather mingled with the aroma of the hot desert smells. One side of Desert Stop's main street stood in deep shadows, the other bright and glaring. Store fronts blistered with last minutes of the days heat.

Covington rose from the bed, silently crossed the room, his steps smothered in oriental rugs, and parted the drapes just enough to get a view of the street below him. His sensitive eyes narrowed to slits in the sun light and his face appeared wan and drawn even in the tint of the late afternoon sun.

"Today," he thought as he turned from the window finger-ing his mustache, "will be quite an occasion, something to break the monotony. Today these devils will hang a man."

The door flew open and in a flurry of ruffles, a woman with a big yellow hat and parasol to match hurried in. She took her hat off and even in the darkened room, you could see that she was of singular beauty—not sun-bleached, calloused and tired looking like the other women out here, but untouched by the surroundings—almost out of place with the Desert Stop.

Covington dropped on the bed again and folded his hands on his chest. "Have they commenced to

hang him yet, Kate?" he asked. There was a hint of a drawl to his voice.

Kate didn't answer right away. She stood at the window with the drapes held back slightly. "They'll come this way soon. Some have broken into the jail and I didn't see the sheriff." She spoke while still looking out the window, then turned slowly toward the still form sunk in the deep folds of the bed. "Why are you so interested in that saddle tramp? You only played cards with him."

"I knew him before we played cards, he gave me some money when I left Georgia to get to New Orleans."

"Was he what he is now?" asked the girl as she looked at herself in the full length mirror by the bureau.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean was he a horse thief then?"

"No—he's no horse thief. He told me he was just passing through," answered the gambler.

"But I heard they caught him near where they found the marshall's body."

"Kate, these no good bastards are just looking for some one to take the blame. They want action. The marshal was everyone's friend and now the sheriff has someone who can take the blame. Someone who's a stranger. They'll hang him more readily than someone who's known around here. I'm surprised they didn't try and blame me for the murder.

This town has been looking for an excuse to put me away for a long time. These yankees aren't man enough to question my method of cards over the table. Why, back in Griffin, an honest—

"Oh shut up!" cried the girl, spinning around from the mirror. "I'm so sick and tired of hearing about your godamned high falutin friends back in Georgia. Where the hell are they now when you are a lousy faro dealer in this God-forsaken desert hole. Where's all the wealth and stuff from your family? Here in these fancy clothes that you strut around in? Eye this room with all your fine southern furniture from the plantation! It's falling apart! All you've got is a room full of junk and that damn scotch bottle! And don't be so sure you've got me!"

It was quiet for awhile, only the slow ticking from an ornately carved clock sounded through the room. Port Covington slowly rose to a sitting position, again the bed squeaked. The only sound was the gurgling of liquor being poured into a glass. Then Kate spoke slowly, now with hesitation and a note of regret in her voice.

"I'm sorry Port. I don't know why I say those things. I know they hurt you. Let's forget about all this and that man they are going to hang. Let's go away. You said yourself the deck is going cold here. We can go to Dodge. You always said you wanted to go to Dodge. It's big there Port. Let's leave now."

The gambler gave no hint that he heard her. He got up and looked down the street from the window for a minute. You could hear voices now coming from where he was looking. The long barrel of a rifle flashed in the sunlight. "They've got him, Kate. It won't be long now. They'll hang him from that big cottonwood across the street.

The floor squeaked as Covington quickly crossed the room from the window. He finished his drink and put the glass down on the marble topped table.

Kate stood holding her hands tightly clenched to her breasts. She was breathing deep and anxiously now—a l m o s t sobbing. "Port, if you're thinking of going out there, don't do it. There is nothing you can do!"

Port wasn't listening now. He splashed water from a large porcelain bowl on his face and rubbed vigorously. He squinted to keep the soap out of his eyes as he groped for a towel hanging near the bowl. Kate was almost frantic now. "Port, answer me," she screamed. What are you going to do out there?"

The gambler turned slowly after laying aside the towel. His expressionless eyes were afire now, his pale face was flushed with excitement. "Kate, all my life it's been this way—ever since I came out here. What have I to show for myself? I can deal a good hand of cards and hold two quarts of liquor a day. Isn't that an accomplishment. My family

back home would be proud of their son. Now I've got a chance to do one thing good for the only friend I've ever had. They'll take me. I'll tell them I did it. It's even better than they hoped for. Now the town can rid itself of the man who took its money at cards and hang a murderer too."

Kate paled as she stood supporting herself against one of the bed posts. Tears were glistening in her eyes now.

"Don't we mean anything? Don't we mean anything to each other? Think of me Port we can still go away. I've got a buggy out back. Don't we mean anything?"

Port was putting the finishing touches to his string tie in front of the mirror. He slipped on his vest, and his long black frock coat then hesitated a minute, admiring himself in the mirror.

"A noble dress for a noble deed —don't you think so my dear Kate? As for us Kate," he said as he slowly turned from the mirror, his voice was almost a whisper now—"We've never meant anything since the day we were born.

The crowd was in the street below them now, noisy and mean. Someone cried, "Here comes the rope!"

Kate had picked up Covington's empty glass and held it lightly clenched in her fist until her fingers turned white. She dropped onto the bed, convulsed in sobs, her face buried in the pillow. Port snatched up his wide brimmed sombrero hesitated for a moment to glance at the sob-

bing form on the bed then hurried from the room, slamming the door behind him. A pistol hanging from a peg on the back of the door crashed to the floor. Then only the gamblers footsteps descending the staircase could be heard in the building. Kate, her hair down over one eye, rose on one elbow and crashed the glass against the closed door, shattering it to many pieces. Shaking violently from her choking tears, she slipped the pistol from the holster and came to a kneeling position by the window. The long barrel of the revolver glistened in the sun and swayed and scraped against the wooden window sill as she tried to steady herself. The sights found and passed Port Covington's straight form as he stepped into the street and approached the edge of the crowd. Then they found him again, the blue had worn away from the front sight and Kate focused it against the back of Port's coat. No one heard the shot and the gambler staggered under the impact of the .44 slug sending swirls of dust up around his feet, then slumped to the street. Just then the crowd roared as a riderless horse bolted from amidst the mob. Kate could see the still form swaying to and fro at the end of the taunt rope. She let the smoking pistol drop from her hands as she raised them to cover her face. The pistol fell so that an inscription was visible on the brass butt plate. "To Major Port Covington, for valor at Manassas Junction."

THE
LITTLE
EASE
OF
ALBERT
CAMUS

BY
JAMES
MCCULLOUGH

The Little-Ease is an ingenious device invented in the Middle Ages and used as late as World War II. It's a narrow cell in which the tortured prisoner can neither stand upright, sit, nor lie down. A crazed longing to stretch joyously eventually possesses the cramped, hunchbacked captive. Self-imprisonment in the Little-Ease, suggests Albert Camus figuratively, may be the only means for modern man to expiate his guilt. We must at least investigate this suggestion; Albert Camus speaks with increasing stature as the latest winner of the Nobel

Prize for Literature. At 43 the youngest writer since Kipling to receive the award, Camus was cited for the way "he illuminated the problems of the human conscience in our time." In his acceptance speech he modestly stated: "I thought that the Nobel Prize should crown an already completed life's work." If not completed, his output remains notable—essays, plays, editorials, short stories, novels. Underlying all is an existentialist philosophy which earnestly seeks hope within a framework of anguish and despair.

Camus was born of humble farm laborers near Bone, on the coast of Algeria. His father was killed in the Battle of the Marne. Poverty and incipient tuberculosis interrupted his studies at the University of Algiers. (They included St. Augustine, according to some the first existentialist philosopher.) Camus then took odd jobs—in a garage, as a shipping clerk, school teacher, journalist. In Paris during the Nazi occupation, he joined a resistance group and edited its secret paper *Combat*. While daily risking death from the Nazis, Camus wrote his first important essay, *The Myth of Sisyphus*. As one might expect, it is pessimistic, comparing man's situation to that of the mythical figure Sisyphus, who was condemned by the gods to perpetually roll a rock up a mountain. Once the summit had been gained the rock rolled back to the valley to be pushed up

again and again. Through reason, Camus continues, man recognized this absurdity of life. Suicide or a belief in God are only pretexts for not facing the absurd. But by acknowledging his fate, Sisyphus makes his despair a stoic victory. In other words, life has meaning only when you recognize it has none.

Even more abstruse is a later essay, *The Rebel*. Here Camus turns his "power of negative thinking" on our half century which has, in his words, "uprooted, enslaved, or killed seventy million human beings." He reviews the Jacobin, Stalinist, and other revolutions which negate themselves and result in state terror because they rationalize murder. In an attempt "to introduce the language of morality into the practice of politics," Camus advocates rebellion, but within ethical limits. His ideal here is a kind of Mediterranean restraint of moderation as opposed to the "excesses of German ideology and of Christian otherworldliness." Camus then dares to become a metaphysical rebel by protesting, even blaspheming against God who callously allows death and evil. In reply to the protest, historic Christianity can only demand faith in Eternal Life, but the suffering of the toiling masses exhausts their faith and is left unexplained. They are masses without God. Camus throws himself on their side and discovers his duty: "to rectify everything in creation that can be rectified."

To really get his theories across Camus began early to implement them with fiction—the principle that the philosopher in some way has to be a poet also. And so Camus gives us disturbing, powerful novels—*The Stranger* (1942), *The Plague* (1947), and *The Fall* (1956).

The Stranger is a character named Meursault, an Algerian clerk who unemotionally tells us his story. His mother dies in a home for the aged, put there at his request. Meursault sips coffee and smokes at her wake, not bothering to view the remains. The next day he goes swimming, sees a Fernandel movie, and takes a mistress. Later the young man agrees to protect a neighbor of shoddy reputation. This leads him to a hot beach under sizzling sun where, threatened by the flash of a knife-blade, he pumps five shots into its owner's body. In jail his fellow prisoners, mostly Arabs, ask him what he's done. He replies that he's killed an Arab. His lawyer asks him if he felt sorrow at his mother's funeral. "All normal people had more or less desired the death of those they loved at some time or another" is his frank reply. A magistrate asks him whether he regrets what he's done. Reminiscing a bit, he replies truthfully that he feels more vexation than sorrow. Finally he receives his sentence—to be decapitated in some public place.

To Camus, Meursault is no mere callous drifter. He is a martyr for truth, condemned by so-

ciety because he refuses to play the game, that is, lie by exaggerating his feelings. Isolated by the impact of oncoming death, "the dark wind blowing from my future," Meursault concludes that nothing in life had the least importance. He throttles the prison chaplain who tries to comfort him, for the priest's certainties of an afterlife aren't worth "one strand of a woman's hair." Knowing all men are alike condemned to die, Meursault like Sisyphus is satisfied to meet his fate with defiance: "I laid my heart open to the benign indifference of the universe."

Preoccupation with death also marks the second novel, *The Plague*. Bubonic plague strikes the Algerian city of Oran. Rats and men die daily in the dusty, treeless streets of the quarantined town. Trolley cars carry heaps of corpses to be consumed in the lime pits and crematorium. The central character, the courageous Dr. Rieux, cries out: "Since the order of the world is shaped by death, mightn't it be better for God if we refuse to believe in Him and struggle with all our might against death, without raising our eyes toward the heaven where He sits in silence?" Just as the chaplain was ineffectual with Meursault, Oran's priest, Fr. Paneloux, cannot prevail on the doctor. At first Fr. Paneloux stresses divine retribution, insisting the immoral citizens deserve the plague. Then Rieux shows the priest the agonized, screaming

death of an innocent boy. As a consequence Paneloux preaches that "We must accept this dilemma and choose either to hate God or love God. And who would dare to choose to hate Him?" Trying to face God's will squarely, Fr. Paneloux refuses to call a doctor when he is stricken with a fever. He died, staring vacantly, and the medical report of "doubtful case" has a double meaning.

Like all great works of art, *The Plague* can be interpreted on different levels. To some it is a restrained and at times lyrically beautiful tale of human suffering. Others see it as a "parable of the Resistance," the plague signifying the Nazi occupation of France. Or if not man's inhumanity to man, the plague can represent God's inhumanity to man, a theme from *The Rebel* greatly intensified. Another thought from *The Rebel* is voiced by a character named Farrou: "There are pestilences and there are victims, and it's up to us, as far as possible, not to join forces with the pestilences." Farrou's death from the plague is all the more poignant because his agnostic cry remains unanswered: "Can one be a saint without God?"

In the final novel, *The Fall*, Camus takes a serious look at human motives and presents us with the Little-Ease. The narrator of this 147-page monologue is Jean Baptiste Clamence, an expatriot Frenchman who between sips of gin in an Amsterdam bar tells the reader his life story. Clamence be-

gins with a string of epigrams, e.g. "A single sentence will suffice for modern man: he fornicated and read the papers." He tells how he was once a noted Parisian lawyer, respected for his virtue, grace, and courtesy. He would defend poor widows and orphans, never think of giving bribes, contribute alms selflessly, treat his mistresses kindly, always rush to help a blind person across the street. Basking in self-esteem, he had reached the summit where virtue is its own reward. While basking on that summit one night, he crossed a bridge over the Seine. He noticed a despondant woman, walked farther, and then heard the splash of a body hitting water. It's too late, too far, he told himself, and did nothing to help her. This was actually a normal reflex of self-interest, he realized later. A shocking introspection then led him to the duplicity of human motives: "Modesty helped me to shine, humility to conquer, and virtue to oppress." For thirty years he had a great love—of which he was the object. How much he had actually despised the blind man! Now he felt he heard the laughter of a drowning woman, the laughter of the whole human race directed solely at him.

It's this judgment of men, Clamence insists, that's worse than any Last Judgment. In trying to quiet the laughter, he plunged into debauchery. Finally he was driven to his table in a foreign bar, a veritable Little-

Ease, where he sits proclaiming his guilt to pimps and prostitutes. His ravings at this point caused one critic to exclaim: "Is Clamence a megalomaniac, a figure of a morbid fun, a cronic liar, a serious spokesman, or none of these, or all of these? One gets no answer."

Clamence compares Amsterdam's canals to Dante's hell of concentric circles, rejects God who is "out of style," and has some interesting thoughts on Jesus Christ: "The real reason (for the Crucifixion) is that *he* knew that he was not altogether innocent . . . he must have heard of a certain Slaughter of the Innocents. The children of Judea massacred while his parents were taking him to a safe place—why did they die if not because of him?" An incurable melancholy over this made it too hard for Christ to continue. And on the cross his "Why hast thou forsaken me?" was a seditious cry. Camus leaves Jean Baptiste Clamence, like most of his characters, banging his

head against the paradoxes of his situation. But Camus denies what one might conclude. In an article for the *Atlantic Monthly* he stated: "It is frivolous to attribute to me the notion that nothing has meaning and that one must despair of everything . . . In the lower depths of our nihilism, I have searched only for reasons to transcend it."

It is difficult to say whether Camus will transcend his nihilism or escape his Little-Ease; Camus himself is a man of paradoxes. Commonly called an existentialist, he insists he isn't one. He is an atheist, yet he has always sought a morality within which to face his times. The development of his art, from the solitary man of *The Stranger* to the socially conscious man of *The Plague* and finally to the man aware of his guilt in *The Fall* has lead some readers to expect that Camus will eventually resolve his difficulties by accepting the Christian faith. For a man whose atheism is more a refusal of God than the impossibility of God, he still has a long way to go.

HI-FI

By
**Paul
Kreitz**

The fastest growing industry in the United States in the last five years has been that of manufacturing and selling high fidelity sets and components. Everyone from the bank president to the factory worker wants and buys high fidelity equipment. Despite all this popularity very few people know what "high fidelity" really is. There are about as many definitions of hi-fi, as it is usually called, as there are people defining it. A high school girl will define it as a "record player with two speakers," the man in the apartment downstairs as "a record player that is too loud," and a housewife simply as "a record player." Actually no single factor, such as the number of speakers, the volume, the appearance, or the "High Fidelity" sticker attached to the set will determine the fidelity of a particular set. Ed Burkstein, of Radio & TV News Magazine, defines hi-fi as "that characteristic of a sound reproducing system which enables it to reproduce sound that is, as

nearly as possible, like the original sound." He adds that the real test of a set is the inability to tell the sound it reproduces from the original.

The problem now is to determine what the characteristics are which give one set better or worse fidelity than another. A basic hi-fi set consists of a turntable on which the record is spun, a needle and cartridge which pick up a weak electric signal from the record, an amplifier which amplifies this signal enough to drive a loudspeaker, and the loudspeaker and speaker enclosure which produce the sound. Each of these components is important in determining the fidelity of a set. The old saying about a chain being no stronger than its weakest link is as true here as anywhere. If one of the components is of poor quality the entire set will be of similar poor quality. For this reason we should analyze each of these components to determine what it does, how it does it, and what factors influence its fidelity.

The turntable is the first link. Turntables are divided into two classes, manual and automatic. The automatic, or changer type, is much more convenient, permitting a stack of ten to twelve records to be played without constant interruptions to take the old record off and put a new one on, and for this reason it is by far the most popular. However, the true audiophile, or hi-fi bug, usually will prefer a manual player because the mechanism involved in an automatic changer causes minute variations in the speed of the turntable, and dropping one record on another produces tiny scratches on the record surface, which eventually cause static in the sound. In either unit the fidelity is primarily dependent upon the accuracy of the speed at which the turntable spins. If the speed varies, as it frequently does in lower priced units, a "waa-waa-waa" sound will be produced.

An exaggerated example of this is the sound produced when a 45 RPM record is played at 78 RPM or 33 RPM. At 78 RPM Louis Armstrong sounds like Donald Duck, and at 33 RPM Donald Duck sounds like Louis Armstrong. If the speed is varying, a 45 RPM record of Pat Boone will tend at one instant to sound like Louis Armstrong, and at the next like Donald Duck. And any Pat Boone fan can tell you that this is very aggravating. In higher quality players constant speed is assured by using a four-pole motor,

a type of motor which gives more constant power, rather than surges of power as in the less expensive types, and by using a heavier turntable, which tends to coast through, at constant speed, a momentary decrease in power, just as a Cadillac will coast at the same speed after the ignition is shut off much longer than a Ford will.

The next link in the chain of sound production is the cartridge, and stylus, or needle. The function of this unit is to follow the "wiggle" of the record groove, and to convert the resulting side-to-side movement into a variation in electric voltage. Three types of needles are used today, osmium tipped, sapphire tipped, and diamond tipped. All are about equal in initial tracking ability, but the osmium and sapphire needles wear out much faster than the more expensive diamond tips. In the long run it is much cheaper to use a diamond needle, because the others wear out after forty or fifty playing hours, while a diamond needle will last up to a thousand playing hours. A worn needle will scratch a record, and this frequently happens when osmium or sapphire needles are used, because the user will not know that his needle is worn until the scratches become audible, and then it is too late.

The cartridge converts the side-to-side motion of the needle to a varying electrical current. In crystal or ceramic cartridges this is done taking advantage of what is called in physics the "Piezo-

electric" effect. This is a natural phenomenon by which certain substances produce electricity when they are stretched or pressed. The needle of a cartridge of this type is fitted so that when it is vibrated by the record groove it presses and stretches the piezo-electric element, and a varying electric current is produced which corresponds to the "wiggles" in the record groove. Another type of cartridge, called a magnetic cartridge, involves a different phenomenon to accomplish the same result. This phenomenon is that when a magnet is moved about near a wire a small electric current is produced in the wire. This is the same principle that is used in a generator such as is found in an automobile. In the auto generator a large magnet is revolved inside a coil of wires to produce the current, and in the magnetic cartridge the magnet is vibrated inside a wire coil by the vibrating needle. The magnetic cartridge is usually preferred by audiophiles because it can faithfully convert a much faster vibration into electrical current, up to 20,000 vibrations per second. A ceramic cartridge usually will be able to faithfully convert only vibrations up to 12,000 to 15,000 vibrations per second, and since some musical instruments produce notes higher than this, a ceramic cartridge loses some of the higher notes. For example, the highest note on a piccolo has a frequency near 20,000 cycles per second, so a ceramic cartridge

would not be able to reproduce this note, whereas a magnetic one would. However, a magnetic cartridge is considerably more expensive than a ceramic. The choice of one over the other is largely dependent on how limited a budget the buyer is operating within. If he is working on a "price is no object" basis he will buy the magnetic. If he is looking for the most value per dollar he will buy the ceramic.

After the signal has been produced in the cartridge it must be amplified in the amplifier. The basic requirements of an amplifier are that it amplifies the signal enough to produce sufficient volume in the speaker or speakers, and that it does it without distorting the signal or producing any noise or hum that is not on the record. The amplification necessary will be determined largely by the use to which the set is being put. If it is to be used as a home record player in a single room of the house, five to ten watts of power is ample. If it is to be used as a public address system, or is to drive speaker systems in several rooms of the house, considerably more power will be needed. It is in the field of distortion, noise, and hum that the consideration of "price vs. quality" becomes most important. Amplifiers which will reproduce with almost no distortion a signal anywhere from only a few cycles per second (cps) to 100,000 cps are available, but since the human ear can detect only those rang-

ing from about 16 to 20,000 cps, the greatly increased cost of such a unit is hardly justifiable to anyone but the most avid audiophile. To be truly called hi-fi an amplifier should reproduce the sounds in this audible range with a distortion of less than three decibels (a measure of sound intensity, abbreviated "db"). Some amplifiers will reproduce these frequencies with as little as .25 db distortion at full volume, but again these cost much more than even slightly less perfect ones. Noise and hum are present in all electronic equipment, but the important thing in a hi-fi set is that they are below audibility. In describing a set the manufacturer will give the combined noise and hum level as "db below rated output." A good amplifier should be rated about 70 to 90 db below output, and here too the further below the rated output the noise and hum level is the more the amplifier will cost.

The last link in the sound reproducing system is the speaker. Here is where price is most directly proportional to quality. Speakers vary in size from one and one-half inches in diameter to fifteen inches. In general the larger the diameter the higher will be the efficiency and cost. However a large speaker is not as efficient on higher frequencies, such as those from a piccolo or the higher notes of a piano, as is a smaller one. For this reason most hi-fi sets will em-

ploy either two or three speakers of different size, or, where space is a consideration, a single speaker with several cones. A crossover network is employed to send the signals of the different frequency ranges to the proper speaker or section of a single speaker.

One other component is important to a hi-fi set, although not vital. This is the speaker enclosure. Without it the unit will work, but with lower efficiency, especially on the lower frequencies. It has been likened to the salt on a steak. Without it the meat gives the same nourishment, but with it the flavor is greatly improved.

High fidelity, then, is the result of a combination of factors, each of which must be present. But it is also a very relative term. Going back to Mr. Burkstein's definition, we see that a high fidelity system reproduces "*as near as possible*" the original sound. The term "*as near as possible*" has been interpreted differently by different people. A true audiophile will require a very "*near*" reproduction, while the manufacturer of inexpensive portable phonographs will stretch "*near*" pretty far. How "*near*" a particular person wants his set depends considerably on how much money he wants to invest in it. Sets which could be reasonably classed hi-fi can be purchased for anywhere from less than \$100 to several thousand.

A

One

Act

The Four of Spades

Play



... By James Chambers

P E D R A M A T I S S O N A E

Smith: a tall, ageless man dressed entirely in black, according to the fashion of the present day.

Judy Butler: a girl of about twenty-one. She is not a naive young maiden, yet neither is she a sophisticated "career" woman. She wears a simple grey dress (without belt) and slippers. Her hair has not been combed, but otherwise she is quite attractive.

Matt O'Neil: about fifty years old, a slightly stout but still muscular man who talks with the accent of his native Kerry. He wears a sleeveless undershirt and a pair of blue uniform pants.

MacDonald: a well-built, middle-aged man with greying temples. His arrogant self-confidence and ability to discern the weaknesses in his fellow human beings

have given him the reputation of being "tough as nails." He wears a rather flamboyant dressing gown and a silk scarf.

Arnold Korinski, "Bugs": a youth of about nineteen. He talks out of the side of his mouth, making his voice similar to that of his namesake, the famous rabbit. His hair is long and combed in spectacular waves. He wears a frayed leather jacket and tight denims. In short, he is a prototype of modern youth.

Charlie Washington: a tall, rather thin man of about twenty-two. He trembles slightly, as though he were addicted to narcotics, but this is only the result of a very strict upbringing. He wears a conservative suit, modern and in good taste.

The late Horace Washington: a stout, domineering, ulcer-riden businessman, Charlie's father. He longed for a return to the "good old days," although he could not remember exactly what was so good about them. His clothes reflect his outlook on life.

The voice of the Politician: heard offstage left.

(The stage is bare with the exception of a few simple props. DL there is a wooden stool which will later be removed. LC there is a round dining table and chair. UC a sofa and a small table with a lamp. RC a billiard table. DR a large desk and chair. This arrangement divides the stage into five distinct sections, no more than two of which will be lighted at one time. At the opening of the play, the curtain is closed.)

(SMITH, *his hands buried deeply in the pockets of his overcoat, walks casually to the center of the stage, turns, and addresses the audience. He speaks slowly and articulately, without emotion.*)

SMITH: Good evening. I am Smith. Of course, that is only one of my names. The philosophers have a name for me, the scientists another, and the artists have called me many things. But Smith will do for tonight. (*He pauses and lights a cigarette.*) I am going to have an interesting experience this evening, and I'd like you to share it with me. It concerns an execution, a rather unique one. You see, this is the first time in the history of our state that a woman is to die in our modern, hygienic, and painless gas chamber. The prisoner is Judy Butler, convicted murderer. She will die at exactly eleven o'clock and . . . (*He glances at his watch.*) It's already ten-twenty. We'd better hurry.

(*The curtain parts, exposing a stage almost totally enveloped in*

black. In a lighted portion DL sits JUDY, her head bowed. SMITH approaches her with his characteristic casual walk.)

SMITH: Hello, Judy.

(*She remains motionless, as though she did not hear him.*)

SMITH: It's almost time.

JUDY: (*without looking up*) I didn't do it.

SMITH: That's beside the point.

JUDY: (*reflectively, without emotion*) They talk so much I almost believe I did kill him. But I didn't. I know I couldn't have, whatever they say. I don't remember it too well. I thought I remembered it, but they mixed me up so badly at the trial that I'm not sure any more. I remember we had an argument . . .

SMITH: I'm afraid remembering won't help your situation.

JUDY: An argument about Charlie . . .

(*She turns slowly and gazes toward stage left, from which the late HORACE WASHINGTON enters briskly and efficiently. SMITH stands motionless in the upper right corner of the lighted section.*)

WASHINGTON: Miss Butler.

JUDY: Yes, Mr. Washington?

WASHINGTON: Make six carbons of that Johnson contract. And, oh yes, I'd almost forgotten —your services will no longer be required by the firm. You may draw your pay this evening. Of course, I'll give you references.

JUDY: Does that mean I'm fired, Mr. Washington?

WASHINGTON: Yes, it does.

JUDY: Why?

WASHINGTON: Are you questioning me, Miss Butler?

JUDY: You're darn right I am. I've worked here for nearly two years without a single complaint, and then, out of the clear sky, you come trooping in here and tell me, "Miss Butler, you're services are no longer required." I think I deserve an explanation.

WASHINGTON: (*throwing off his office manners*) Since you insist, I'll tell you. I've heard about those weekends you've been spending with my son. (*JUDY registers fear, which slowly turns to anger.*) Oh yes, you two thought you had it all covered up, didn't you? Well, I'm going to put a stop to your little game. You're not getting your claws in Charles. He will someday inherit my firm, my name, all that I've worked for. He will marry only with my approval, and, believe me, I shall never approve of a scheming little guttersnipe like you.

JUDY: Well, your spy ring has certainly been busy. But I want to ask you one question. What does Charlie think about all this?

WASHINGTON: My son is too immature to decide anything important.

JUDY: Yes, you've done your best to make a sniveling little brat of him. But you haven't succeeded.

WASHINGTON: That will be enough. Our discussion is closed. Goodby, Miss Butler.

JUDY: Our discussion is *not*

closed. It might interest you to know that Charlie and I are engaged.

WASHINGTON: Oh, so that's your little game, is it? Breach of promise suit. Or maybe a paternity suit, eh? All right. Everyone has his price. How much do you want to settle this out of court?

JUDY: I might have suspected you'd make money the solution. You've always bought everything you've wanted, haven't you? Well, you're not buying me. Charlie and I love each other, and we're going to get married. You can't stop us.

WASHINGTON: I can't, eh? We'll see. If that little coward of a son of mine thinks he can destroy all I've built up just because he can't stay out of bed with a two-bit slut, he's got another think coming. We'll see if he's so anxious to have you that he'll give up his inheritance.

JUDY: He will. He's through depending on you for everything. He was going to tell you about us tonight, but now you already know. So don't be surprised if Papa's Boy tells you off but good.

WASHINGTON: Tells me off? He hasn't the nerve. I'm afraid you picked the wrong boss's son this time, honey.

JUDY: (*her bravado gone, on the verge of tears*) Charlie won't back down. He can't.

WASHINGTON: (*regaining his self-composure with this verbal victory*) He can and he will. He's never had the nerve to stand up to a rabbit, much less his old man.

So this is good-by, Miss Butler. Better luck next time. Ha-ha. Tell me off? Ha-ha. (*He exists left, laughing.*)

(*JUDY clinches her fists momentarily, then begins to regain her composure. Six shots are heard offstage left. JUDY stiffens, pauses momentarily, and rushes offstage. She immediately reappears and walks slowly to her seat.*)

JUDY: You see, I didn't kill him. I didn't. I didn't. I didn't.

SMITH: (*moving towards her*) Of course, you didn't. But you're going to die tonight regardless.

JUDY: No, I can't. Things like this just don't happen. It's all a bad dream. I'll wake up and laugh and when I tell Charlie he'll laugh too, and it'll be all right.

SMITH: It's not a dream, Judy.

JUDY: I know it's not. But something will happen. Somebody's got to help me. Charlie—

SMITH: No one's going to help you.

JUDY: (*persistently, as if in a trance*) No, Charlie will. Charlie won't let them do it. He promised to take care of me the first time we—He was going to marry me. And then at the trial he told me not to worry. He said he'd take care of everything.

SMITH: (*softly*) Goodby, Judy.

JUDY: (*her voice fading with the light*) Charlie loves me. He told me not to worry. He won't let them kill me. He won't . . .

(*A spotlight follows SMITH DC.*)

SMITH: (*taking a deck of cards*

from his pocket and shuffling them) She seems rather harmless for a murderer, doesn't she? Of course, we must remember that she is really innocent. Since we are among the few people who know this, we must play the heroes and try to prevent this gross miscarriage of justice. (*He has now taken four cards from the deck and is fingering them gently.*) There are others, four to be exact, who realize that Judy is dying without reason. Let us play a little game with the ace, the deuce, the three, and the four of spades. Any one of the cards might prevent the capsule from dropping into the acid tonight. (*He glances at his watch.*) Not much time, though. (*He looks at one of the cards.*) Our first stop is an office on the thirty-fifth floor of the Consolidated Building. It belongs to the District Attorney.

(*As the DR portion of the stage is lighted, the audience sees MACDONALD at his desk smoking a pipe. SMITH approaches him.*)

SMITH: Good evening, big man.

MACDONALD: Oh, go to hell!

SMITH: Proud of yourself, aren't you?

MACDONALD: Look, it's my job to convict people, isn't it? The girl was guilty, and I merely proved it.

SMITH: Yes, but it's possible you were a bit overzealous this time. (*cynically*) I wonder why.

MACDONALD: Dammit, you know well enough why.

(*M A C D O N A L D* crosses swiftly to the *DL* portion, which is now lighted, and stands erect. Facing off stage left. *SMITH* waits *DR.*)

THE VOICE OF THE POLITICIAN: Yes, it's a remarkable record. Thirty-six convictions in thirty-nine cases. You're going up, Mac. Just play ball with us and the sky's the limit. A remarkable record.

MACDONALD: Thank you, sir.
THE VOICE: Elections coming up this year. We're going to need a new man in the governor's mansion. Old Ed's getting a bit too independent. Stubborn in his old age. I'd like to see you in that position, Mac.

MACDONALD: (*elated*) Why, that's wonderful, sir.

THE VOICE: However, there's one drawback. We need a name, Mac. Someone the public knows and likes. And you're not a name. You're not a household word like Eisenhower or Godfrey. You see what I mean?

MACDONALD: (*crestfallen*) Yes, I see.

THE VOICE: Don't be discouraged. You haven't had a chance yet. All your cases have been small time. Wife beatings, petty larceny—no front page stuff. But now you've got a real hot baby: that girl that killed her employer. Take the case into court yourself. Your name will be in the headlines for weeks.

MACDONALD: I'll do that, sir. But suppose I can't make it stick. The evidence is pretty shaky.

THE VOICE: Make it stick, man, make it stick. Public opinion is against her. She's a tramp, one step from the streets in the eyes of Mrs. Joe Voter. And Joe is cracking jokes about her in the locker room. Why, my God, man she's another Lady MacBeth. If you lose that case, you'll be setting an arch-criminal free. You'll draw about as many votes as Khrushchev. But if you nail her, you'll be Public Hero Number One, champion of the clean-cut American life. Morality, that's what counts in this city. The people may be rotten as hell on the inside, but, by God, they're all saints in the sunlight. Win this case, boy, and I'll hand you the governor's office on a silver tray. MACDONALD: I'll do my best, sir.

THE VOICE: You're a smart boy, Mac. You know your business. I'm sure you'll find some angle. And make it good, man, make it good.

MACDONALD: She's as good as in Death Row right now.

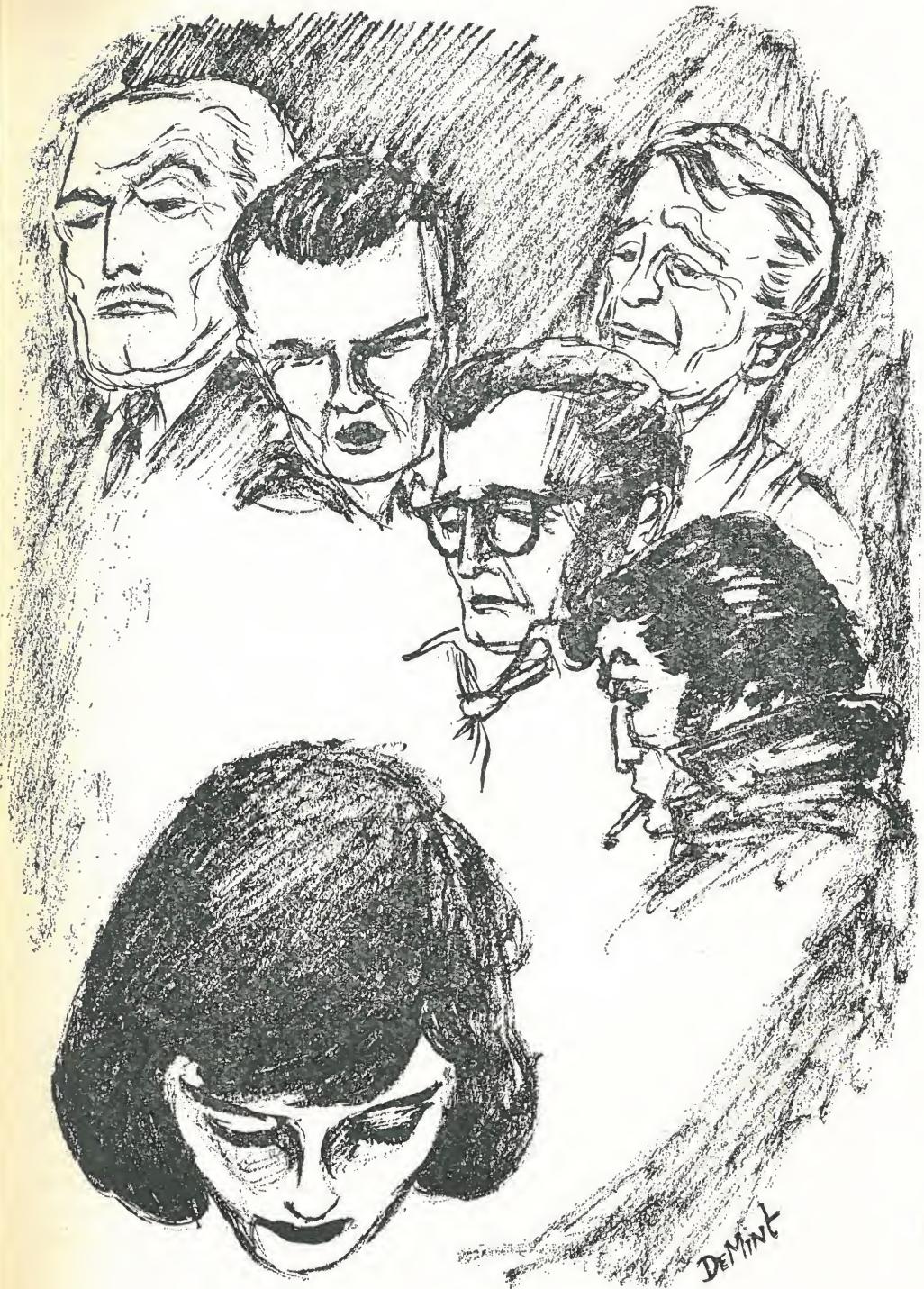
THE VOICE: That's the spirit. Come up and see the committee after number thirty-seven. You're going places, Mac, and fast.

(*M A C D O N A L D* returns *DR.*)

SMITH: Allow me to congratulate you, governor. You certainly carried out your orders to the letter.

MACDONALD: (*sitting down*) Shut up, will you?

SMITH: It was a work of art, that trial. Like a big game of



chess. Getting nine women on the jury. Digging up that whole sordid affair with the victim's son. But the classic stroke was the arresting officer's testimony. That really clinched it.

MACDONALD: (*rising*) Let me alone, will you? Of course I'm sorry for the girl. But she was probably guilty, anyhow. All I did was arrange the evidence to convict her.

SMITH: "Arrange" the evidence. Isn't there a legal saying about the shadow of a doubt?

MACDONALD: O.K., O.K., I played Almighty God and I'm sorry. But there's nothing I can do about it.

SMITH: You could stay the execution and re-open the trial.

MACDONALD: Yes, and . . . No! It would ruin my career. Do you think I'm mad? I've worked hard in this jungle, made my own breaks all the way up. Do you think I'm going to throw it all away because of some amateur prostitute? I can't do it. It's too much to ask.

SMITH: Even for a human life?

MACDONALD: Yes, dammit, even for a human life. The sky's the limit for me. I'm going up, and nothing's going to stand in my way. Nothing, do you understand? Nothing!

(*SMITH has walked away, and the light has faded during the last speech.*)

SMITH: (*in center*) Round one is over, and Judy is losing badly. But we have three cards left. (*He selects another card from the*

four.) We shall now visit a fashionable ranch-type home in one of the better suburbs.

(*The LC portion of the stage is illuminated, showing MATT O'NEIL in his kitchen. A large bottle of whiskey and a glass are on the table in front of him. He has already been slightly affected by the liquor.*)

SMITH: O'Neil?

O'NEIL: Yeah?

SMITH: The whiskey won't help. She'll be just as dead in the morning.

O'NEIL: She's getting what's coming to her.

SMITH: She is pretty young, though. Just about Kathleen's age, wouldn't you say?

O'NEIL: My daughter and her are as different as day and night. You won't catch Kathleen emptying a revolver into her boss, after being taught by the good sisters all these years.

SMITH: She'll be graduating from college this year. Coming home to a fine house and a good job. She'll marry a fine young man one of these days. And you've done it all, Matt.

O'NEIL: (*with a glow of pride*) Yes, I've done it all. She's a good girl, the joy of my heart.

SMITH: It must have taken a lot of money. More than a cop makes.

O'NEIL: All right, all right, so I took bribes. Anything I did, it was for her. Without the money she'd of wound up like that Butler girl, behind bars and waiting for the hangman.

(O'NEIL finishes his drink and pours another.)

SMITH: Yes, without money Kathleen might well be sitting in that little green room tonight.

O'NEIL: Kathleen is a decent girl, God bless her. She wouldn't be going around murdering people. That Butler girl has the devil himself in her heart, and she's getting what's coming to her.

SMITH: But if she's innocent?

O'NEIL: Innocent? And me after seeing her with my own eyes, pumping bullets into her boss, and him already dead?

SMITH: That's what you told the jury, but even the whiskey can't make you believe it.

O'NEIL: But I had to. What that man could have done . . .

(O'NEIL walks slowly to the DL section, which becomes lit, revealing MACDONALD. SMITH lights a cigarette and waits by the table.)

O'NEIL: You sent for me, sir?

MACDONALD: Yes, O'Neil. I understand you were the arresting officer in the Butler case.

O'NEIL: Yes, sir.

MACDONALD: Therefore you're going to be a witness at the trial. As a policeman, you'll be a witness for the state. So I want you to cooperate with me fully.

O'NEIL: I'll try, sir.

MACDONALD: Good. Now tell me your story of the arrest. Don't leave anything out.

O'NEIL: Well, sir, I was parked outside the building at 8:40, waiting for the man on the beat. He's a rookie, you know, sir, and

I wanted to make sure he wasn't goldbricking on the job. Most of the offices were dark, but there were lights in the Washington Company windows. 'Working late,' I says to myself. Well, all of a sudden, I hears shooting. So I gets out of the car and runs up to the Washington offices. It was only three stories up. I opens the door, and there stands Mr. Washington's secretary with a gun in her hand, and him lying dead there with the blood all over. She says to me she only ran in and picked up the gun, but, things looking suspicious, I arrests her. And that's all there is to it, sir.

MACDONALD (*patronizingly*): A good job. But tell me, do you think she killed him?

O'NEIL: Well, now, 'tis hard to say. From the evidence, she looked guilty as sin. But she didn't seem to me to be a bad girl, sir, with her crying and all. I've a daughter about the same age, God bless her, and I just don't think a girl like that would go around shooting people. I've been on the force twenty-four years now, and I can usually tell a bad apple when I see one. But she just didn't seem to be the kind, sir.

MACDONALD: I can see you don't know much about the girl, O'Neil. She's a tramp. You didn't know she was having an affair with young Washington, did you? She was planning to marry him. He's worth about two million dollars, you know. But his father got wind of the scheme and tried to stop her. Two million

dollars. That's enough motive for a murder, isn't it? A sweet little girl, indeed!

O'NEIL: I didn't know about this, sir. Pretending she was so scared, and all, and her after killing a man. The little devil had me believing her too.

MACDONALD: Yes, and now you see why we've got to make sure she doesn't get the chance to kill again. Your testimony as it stands is a bit shaky; it leaves room for doubt. We're going to have to doctor it up a bit, so we can put that little wench where she belongs. Now instead of saying you saw her standing over the body, I want you to tell the court that you heard only one shot, burst into the room, and saw her emptying the gun into Washington's body. That way no one can doubt she killed him. Understand?

O'NEIL: But that'd be lying under oath, sir. That'd be putting myself up as judge and jury. No, I can't do that, sir.

MACDONALD: Oh, yes, you can. That is, unless you want to lose your job.

O'NEIL: (*suddenly apprehensive*) What do you mean, sir?

MACDONALD: I'll lay it on the line, O'Neil. You've been piling up quite a record during your last years on the force. You made sergeant by ignoring a little narcotics trade at the local high school. Since then, you've been taking bribes from the gambling joints on Sixth Avenue. The red light section off the boulevard is

packed every night. I wonder if it's because you get your cut. Now I can either have the vice squad raid your district, or I can ignore the whole mess. And how about the bottle, O'Neil? The commissioner doesn't take too kindly to cops who drink on duty. You see, O'Neil, I've got you coming and going. I can break you by just picking up my phone.

O'NEIL: Look, I didn't take the money for whiskey. It was for my daughter—to get her out of the neighborhood, to send her to a good college, to give her all the chances to be something good and pure. Have you no pity, man?

MACDONALD: Pity! (*He laughs—then becomes serious again.*) All right, let's talk about your daughter. How will she feel when she finds out her old man is as crooked as hell? How will she feel when she's expelled from that college, when she has to face the neighbors every day, when she has to see your name plastered all over the morning editions? Have you ever thought of that?

O'NEIL: No! Kathleen mustn't know.

MACDONALD: And she needn't know, O'Neil. Look on the bright side. If you cooperate with me, I'll have you promoted to lieutenant. I'll get you some soft job down at headquarters with a nice, fat salary. And I'll throw in a big "bonus" out of my own pocket. You'll be able to move out of the slums, to forget you ever knew any cheap crooks. You'll be able to get drunk quiet-

ly any time you feel like it. And your daughter can come home to a respectable neighborhood, to a man she'll be proud to call her father. Think it over.

O'NEIL: But what you're asking me to do. I'd be sending the girl to her death.

MACDONALD: She's probably guilty anyway. You yourself said she was a devil.

O'NEIL: It's true she's an evil woman.

MACDONALD: Just look on this as another bribe. Your biggest and your last. (*He extends his hand.*) Have we an understanding, lieutenant?

O'NEIL: (*in a low voice*) All right, I'll do it. (*shakes hands*)

(*O'NEIL returns to the table as the light on MACDONALD fades. He pours himself a drink and downs it quickly.*)

SMITH: So you took the bribe. Of course, it shouldn't have been hard for you. You had a lot of experience at that sort of thing.

O'NEIL: But I never hurt anyone before. Those other times, it didn't make any difference. If I hadn't taken my share, someone else would have. But now I-I'm killing someone.

SMITH: You could save her. Just call the governor and tell him you lied in court.

O'NEIL: Yes, I could. (*He comes to a decision.*) And, by God, I will. I didn't care what that damned D.A. does. A young person like that shouldn't have to die.

Why she's no older than . . . No, I can't! It would break Kathleen's

heart. I can't hurt her. Everything I did was for her. I can't destroy it now. I can't. (*He reaches for the bottle.*)

SMITH: Drink, O'Neil. Drink, and try not to think. But you can't drink forever. The sun will rise tomorrow.

(*SMITH walks DRC with the spotlight. The light on O'NEIL fades.*)

SMITH: (*takes out the cards again*) The ace is low and the deuce has been trumped. But we still have two cards left. The three will take us to a quite different setting—the slums. The slums are the family skeleton in every city. People come and try to fight the neighborhood; but they leave or die, and the slums remain. As long as there is a city, as long as there is a rich man to force a poor man to move in, there will be the slums. (*He glances at his watch.*) But we're wasting time. Time which is very precious to Judy.

(*The RC portion of the stage is lit. BUGS, a cigarette dangling from his lips, is about to sink the seven ball with a combination shot. SMITH approaches him.*)

SMITH: What say, Bugs?

BUGS: (*concentrating on the game*) Shhh, I got it all lined up.

SMITH: Just a flick of the wrist and . . . (*BUGS shoots, sinking the seven.*) Bang, it's gone. Just a flick of the wrist, and a ball or a human life goes in the pocket. Someone's going to sink a life tonight, Bugs.

BUGS: Yeah, that broad. Tough. (*He lines up another ball.*)

SMITH: She's going to die for killing someone. And she didn't kill anyone.

BUGS: That's the breaks of the game. You want me to start bawling or something? (*He sinks the shot.*)

SMITH: Why did you do it, Bugs?

BUGS: Why do you think? For the dough.

SMITH: It was a lot of money. For once in your life you're driving a car you didn't steal.

BUGS: Yeah, ain't she a honey? Wait'll I get her souped up. I'm gonna put dual carbs on her, with a racing cam and . . . Boy! Is she gonna be fast.

SMITH: A lot of money. But not worth risking a murder charge for.

BUGS: Yeah, a guy'd have to be a real sap to chance a murder rap, even for that kind of dough. (*He aims another shot.*)

SMITH: Then why did you do it?

BUGS: (*throwing down the cue*) I don't know. What the hell difference does it make?

SMITH: It might make a lot of difference. Should I tell you what you were thinking about?

BUGS: No, I don't wanna hear!

(Nevertheless, he walks slowly DL, which is again lighted. He takes out a gun and fingers it nervously. SMITH waits at the pool table.)

SMITH: (with emotion, for the first and only time in the play) Yeah, Bugs, all you gotta do is kill the old man. Shoot him in the belly and run. Just don't chicken,

that's all. Simple, ain't it? He's lived his life anyhow—and a damn soft life too. Just look at the layout, will you? Rich slob! It's guys like him that have been pushing you around all your life. Probably a guy like him was your old man, and left your ma in the gutter when he was through with her. Guys like him have been ordering you around since you were six years old. "Be a good boy, Arnold, or you'll have to stay after school and wash the blackboards." "I'm sorry, son, but we're going to have to expell you." "Hey, kid, open the door for the gentleman." "You're fired, kid. Don't come back." "Spill it, you little punk! Who was with you in that stolen car?" "Arnold Korinski, you are an incorrigible delinquent. I have no choice but to sentence you to two years in the House of Correction."

BUGS: Damn rich bastards! All my life—All my life—

(HORACE WASHINGTON enters from the left, laughing. He sees BUGS and stops abruptly. BUGS fires and empties the gun into his dead body. He stares at the body, then at the gun. He drops the gun and runs back to the pool table. The DL lights fade.)

BUGS: (panting) Damn slob had it coming. Bullying little guys like me all the time. Driving around in a big black Caddy with a poor guy's blood in the gas tank. He had it coming. Right in the belly I got him. And, by God, I'd do it again.

SMITH: But she's going to die for it, not you.

BUGS: That's the breaks. You think I'm scared of dying? I wouldn't give a damn if they caught me and hung me tomorrow.

SMITH: Then why don't you confess? There's still time to save the girl.

BUGS: Yeah. It ain't right that they should kill her. Poor kid's like me—never had a decent break. Yeah, I could go down to the cops and . . .

SMITH: (*glances at his watch*) You'd better hurry. There's not much time.

BUGS: (*starts to leave, then stops*) But to go down there and tell all those rich slobs I did it. To stand there like a snot-nose kid telling those creeps I'm sorry. Me, Bugs Korinski. No! I'm tough, see? I ain't never asked them for nothing, and I ain't starting now. If they catch me, O.K. But I ain't gonna be pushed around by them any more. No, I ain't gonna do it.

SMITH: And the girl?

BUGS: (*going back to his game*) Tough.

(*The light on BUGS fades, as the spotlight follows SMITH downstage.*)

SMITH: (*playing with the cards*) The four of spades. That's all that stands between Judy and the gas now. Strange how little the difference is between life and death. The patterns of our lives are stacked like cards in a deck. One card out of order can change

everything. But the cards are never out of order. Well, let us turn up the last card and see who has won the game. We are going to get a glimpse of a spacious apartment in the "golden" section of the city. It is the home of Mr. Charles Washington, beloved son of the late magnate, Horace Washington.

(*SMITH walks UC, where CHARLIE WASHINGTON is seen, seated on the sofa. His tie is loosened and his hair uncombed.*)

SMITH: She'll be dead any minute now.

CHARLIE: She can't die. Something's got to happen.

SMITH: Nothing can happen unless you want it to.

CHARLIE: Why did she have to get mixed up in this? Why?

SMITH: There's no reason. She just did.

CHARLIE: If only I could go back and undo it. I wouldn't care how long he lived. I don't want her to die.

SMITH: Of course you didn't know she was going to die for it then.

CHARLIE: Yes—then.

(*CHARLIE walks DL, where the light reveals BUGS waiting for him.*)

BUGS: Well, well, here's Moneybags himself. What are you doing down around here? Volunteer for social work or something?

CHARLIE: Cut the wise remarks, Bugs. I came to make a deal with you.

BUGS: So the big man needs something from his old school pal.

Course, I never got as far as you. Got kicked out for pulling a knife on that wise teacher, remember? Got kicked out, while good little Charlie went on to college. But good little Charlie had an old man who was loaded, and I don't even know my right last name. O.K., enough talk. What's the deal?

CHARLIE: I-I want you to kill somebody for me.

BUGS: Kill somebody? Ha-ha. After all these years, Charlie's getting some guts. Ha-ha. (*He suddenly becomes serious.*) Who?

CHARLIE: My father.

BUGS: Hey, now, this is something. You want me to bump off your old man? Can't wait to get your hands on his dough, eh?

CHARLIE: That's right. I'll give you five thousand dollars when you do it.

BUGS: What's the matter with doing it yourself, big man? Ain't got the nerve?

CHARLIE: Look, Bugs, will you, or won't you?

BUGS: I will. But I want ten grand, half of it in advance. And I pick the time and place.

CHARLIE: All right. All right. You'll get your money.

BUGS: Look at it this way. Once I get rid of your old man for you, you'll have a couple of million. What's a few grand to you then?

CHARLIE: Remember, you're in it as deep as I am. No blackmail.

BUGS: Yeah, yeah. See you later, Moneybags. And have that five grand with you.

(CHARLIE returns to the sofa.

The DR light fades.)

SMITH: Why?

CHARLIE: Because I hated him, that's why. He was always ordering me around as if I were his private toy. I did everything he wanted—nothing I wanted. I was always afraid of him. I couldn't stand up to him. Night and day, a constant fear of his anger. And then, then it was Judy. I knew if I told him, he'd say I couldn't have her. And I—

SMITH: You didn't have the nerve to go against him.

CHARLIE: Yes, I guess so. And Judy kept asking me to tell him about us. She threatened to leave me if I didn't, and I just couldn't lose her. She was the only good thing that ever happened to me. So I promised her I would. But every time I had the chance, I-I just couldn't do it. I hated him, yet I was afraid to draw a breath when he was around.

SMITH: So you had him killed. And Judy's going to die for it.

CHARLIE: But I don't want her to die. She can't die. I love her. She was the only person that ever really cared about me. I didn't mean for her to get mixed up in it. Why did she have to run into that room? I did everything I could. I got her the best lawyers money could buy. I hired private detectives to find some loop-hole in the state's case. I even tried bribery. I did everything I could.

SMITH: Everything except the one thing that would really clear her.

CHARLIE: I wanted to confess,

to save her by giving myself up. But I just couldn't bring myself to do it. I kept hoping something else would happen.

SMITH: Nothing else will happen. Now either you confess or Judy dies. There's still time.

(CHARLIE stares into space for about fifteen seconds. His hand involuntarily rises to his throat. He comes to a decision, gets up, and slowly walks to a phone on the table. He collapses into the sofa and sobs wildly) No, no, I can't do it! They'll take me and kill me. I don't want to die. Oh, God help me, I don't want to die. I'm afraid. I don't know what's out there after you're dead. It's deep and black and . . . and I'm afraid. Oh, God! I want to live. I want to live. I want to live. (His cries become incoherent.)

SMITH: (watches him for a few seconds. Then, he suddenly remembers, looks at his watch.) It's one minute past eleven. She's dead.

CHARLIE: (looking up)
D-dead?

SMITH: Yes, dead. And you killed her, Charlie.

CHARLIE: No! No!

SMITH: Yes, you killed her. You pulled the switch even when she was crying to you for help. Her last word was, "Charlie." And then you pulled the switch.

CHARLIE: No! Leave me alone!

SMITH: You'll never be alone again, Charlie. She'll be with you wherever you go. The woman you loved and the woman you killed.

CHARLIE: I didn't mean to.
(softly) I—didn't mean to.

CHARLIE goes to the table, opens a drawer, and removes a revolver. He is staring at it as the light fades. SMITH comes DC, lights a cigarette. He pauses, as though waiting for something to happen. A shot is heard from UC.)

SMITH: (Looking at the four cards) And so we heroes fail in our quest; the conflict ends in tragedy. Judy had four cards—she lost on all of them. Three of the men will go on living. You may be voting MacDonald into the White House some day. You may be good old Matt O'Neil's bridge partner at the country club. You may even have your pocket picked by Bugs on the subway. Yes—they will live. I will get up with them in the morning, walk beside them all day, and sit by their beds at night. They will hate me, curse me, try to destroy me. They will not escape me. And yet, they will go on living. (He puts three cards in his pocket and looks at the other one.) But Charlie? No, Charlie could never face anything. In the end, he couldn't face me. A man in a burning ship will jump through the nearest porthole to escape the flames, although he will undoubtedly drown. (He slowly tears the card and lets the pieces fall at his feet.) Good night.

(SMITH walks slowly offstage left)

CURTAIN

H
A
Y
S
E
E
D

By
Thomas
Ryan

A wooden hay rack, bellowed with age, lumbered across the hard ground accepting gobs of dusty hay from the steadily plied pitchforks of three tanned men. One of these worked by himself along the left side of the wagon. His smooth, rapid arc of work easily kept him apace of his two fellow workers. The motion of his arms was reflected in the steady flash of sunlight glancing off the regularly lifted iron prongs of his fork. All around him the world lay hypnotized beneath the monotonous searching of the sun. Halfway down the row Stan stopped and glared at the sun-drenched field. Its pollen had infested the scarcely moving air and had coated his nose and mouth. The dryness of his throat worked its way down to the core of his body sapping his energy. Once again his pitchfork dug into a stack of hay and threw it onto

the groaning wagon. Carefully he scrapped every dry strand together and flung it high onto the stacked hay. His arms worked furiously, fighting the creeping listlessness that spread from his dry throat. The burnt grass puffed dust into his shoes as he walked and his sweating feet felt grimy and heavy. His whole body ached to be free and clean as it had been the night before.

Last night Stan's body had soaked in cool moonlight and his nose had drawn in perfume—Carol's perfume—the sweet scent setting quiet fires inside him. Her long silver-gold hair lay in a heavy roll along her shoulders. Slowly his body had awakened to the sigh of the bittersweet saxaphones. He had stepped away from the wall and watched her drift by in a slow easy dance. Her white shoulders and arms had seemed to seek freedom from the clinging red sheath dress as she danced.

Now the scorching sun drained the memory of the bittersweet music from his body. He moved stiffly and hurriedly, digging his flashing pitchfork into new stacks of hay. As he flung the hateful load high onto the wagon his body smarted under the sting and bite of the hayseeds as they fell on his deeply tanned neck and back. His arms swung rhythmically at their task. The hayseeds sucked the sweat from his back, scratching, biting, trying to stop his furiously moving arms. His mind concentrated on the hay,

forcing his arms to continue their furious digging, moving them more steadily as the irritations grew. Gradually his mind became absorbed in the task of moving his arms and it forgot the sweet scent of Carol's perfume. Instead the odors of the sun-drenched field clung to him. His nose filled with the dry musty odor of hay and his lips caked with dried saliva. His arms slowed and grew heavy, throwing smaller forks of hay onto the wagon. More hay freed itself from his fork and fell mustily about his head and shoulders. A single dry strand caught in his hair and hung before his eyes. Small strands clung to his socks, biting his ankles as he stepped toward the next stack. The hay lay high on the wagon now and his arms had to strain to lift the fork to the top of the load. His eyes watered at the heat and a speck of pollen lodged itself in the corner of his eye. Lifting his hand to clear his eye only served to cake more dust into his sweat-soaked eyebrows.

Last night his eyes had caressed Carol's pretty face, searching into her eyes, echoing their mood. His lips had borrowed a smile from her hearty laughter. His feet had become restless from the metallic rhythm of the piano and his hands had hung nervously at his sides clutching at the corners of his pockets. Then he had wandered over to her chair where two other men were obviously vying for her next dance. He had asked her to dance with him and his

mouth had become dry with anxiety. She had laughed but it was not a happy laugh. It had hurt him and his throat had tightened and hands did not move. They had hung quietly at his side no longer clutching for his pockets. His eyes had questioned her laughter. He was not familiar with such pretty eyes. Seldom did he leave the farm and its dry fields and come to hear the music. Never had he seen such a pretty face enclosed by such radiantly silver-gold hair. The screeching trumpet had knotted his stomach and he had wished that the soft saxaphone would play louder. Gradually the memory of her sweet perfume had rekindled the quiet fire inside him. Yet his feet had lost their restlessness and his arms had hung, heavily folded, across his chest.

He hated what she had said and now he hated these fields. He moved awkwardly, his feet shuffling over the dry hard ground, kicking up small puffs of dust. His eyes winced at the rays of heat that bounced from the earth and his arms began to move more slowly, forgetting to scrape the loose strands of hay from the hard ground. The memory of her perfume arose in him and he hated the musty hay even more. His body writhed under the bite and scratch of the hayseeds and the sun-drawn sweat rolled from his brow into his eyes. His hand snatched the strand of hay from his hair and flung it to the ground.

He had thought her pretty and she had laughed at him. His mind burned with the memory of her only word—hayseed.

Something

From

The

Bards

For

Spring

The Rebel

A man lives,
sins
sorrows,
dies
is forgotten.

Moorman

Sings . . .

And
now
I
live
sin
sorrow,
but
am yet
to be
forgotten.

Accident

The tree has been shaken—

Apples fall
prematurely
And the farmer curses

 apples trees ground sky water air life limb God and
 prices.

He stands,
wiggling ticklish toes
in the brown spots
on the apples
that have
fallen—
to the ground

To Be Forgotten

Funny
How fortune
is,
(Not really fortune
but
God),
touching here
skipping,
killing there
saving,
hurting
loving,
the difference
between
crying
and
laughing.

Step Right Up

"Profound!"

"Most profound, and indeed!"

"Did you hear, Martha?

they say it is most profound and
profound."

Does it bite bark crab cry swear spit or pray?

"But I have only a dollar . . ."

"Lazarus, it's about time you woke up.

You almost missed it,

After all and all,

Not everyday

is something

PROFOUND!"

"I'm sorry, Mary. you seem to have missed . . ."

"Now, folks, for just one dollar . . ."

But I have only 95c.

"Step right up, my dear young man woman child, and see
see

(for just one dollar)

Away in a manger . . .

Life

Get on your marks—
Get set—
GO—
and the race
is off,
BOO, BOO,
(yells the young fool)
The race is slow.
Yes
it will be slow,
this race,
for the hare has been wisely
eliminated.
He goes too fast,
and
now,
only turtles run
and
run
and
run.
But hardly move.
(a very slow race)
They do and do
move,
never hurrying,
steady steady steady
pacing,
but they get
THERE,
and the race
is
done.
Some won—
Some lost—

Grace

The well has gone dry;
The forked stick
No longer leads to water,
and the children are
dying dead
of thirst.
The rain comes and goes;
The children still thirst,
While the water
runs rapids
on their heads.
The children are drowning
up their necks,
tongues thirsting
for water.
The waves are lapping
dry drops
on blackened faces.
The children have
died dead.
The water moves on.

Just An Angel And His Dog

The three-eyed angel
and his
dog,
Bought this house
A week ago—
The shutters are of
Glass eyes
The windows are of
stars.
Poor tri-eyed angel
Gabriel,
The cat has killed his dog,
The house burnt down,
The glass eyes broke,
The windows all fell out;
God rest the three-eyed angel,
And help his dog-friend out.

An Old Man of the World Dies

Old so and so
Missed the faces on the walls,
The four-eyed faces
on the walls,
with their flicker-flicker
and smiling
lips.

Missed the singing of the
Throatless larks,
Singing no notes
in no-man's time.

A rather quiet tune—
for a rather
quiet man,
a quiet, quiet
man,
who committed just one
murder a day
and
stoled beauty from
the naked heavens
every morning.

Missed the hum, the roar
the bite sting hate hell
smell spice
and
love
of
life.

It was so lonely being dead!

And . . .

... Patterson Strums

Leisure Moments

T'was the morning, t'was the evening, t'was the middle of the day,
And the birds sailed circles in the sky.

Wafted fresh winds filled with peach scent, filled with olent new
mown hay;

Bloomed the clovers in the meadow, bloomed the violets by the way;
And the clouds coursed motionlessly by.

Ah, I walked along a woodland, by a streamlet, through a field,
And the ground felt warm beneath my feet.

Bowed the trees to bid me greeting, bowed the vine beneath its yield;
Sloped the hollow, surged the hillside, hidden 'neath a dappled shield;
And a wide wind flux spread o'er the wheat.

By a rail fence, 'neath an ash tree, stood a brindled parent cow.
And a calf sucked tranquilly her milk.

Buzzed a bee around a primrose, stopping at each tufted bough;
Sailed a leaf across an ocean, captain ant stood at its prow;
And an elf spun nets of grayish silk.

So I wandered o'er the hillside, so I pasted the time away,
And the birds sailed circles in the sky.

How I love to visit nature, how I love to hear her lay;
Be it morning, be it evening, or the middle of the day.

Sands

Soft whispering sands
cleansed by the sea, washed with wind.
A phantom of delight, this living sight
of love and loneliness.
Speckled, spangled, silver-shining;
Shattered by the waves—
Drawn and damned to Neptune's Den;
and coughed back up again—
Shimmering shadows throwing back
the moon light on the sea.

Rebirth

Soft as a morning sun rise
You stole into my life of grey mist-clouds,
Casting far and wide that gloom of bitterness
Embedded in the soul forever lost to love;
The soul abused by self—
The soul whose only light didst spring from Hell itself!
O Bastard of delight forever damned,
As was the night when fiat was unheard.
What joy is left in life?
What plan has God devised for such as you?
Yet as the night is hid before my eyes
By force of light which springs from 'neath the sea,
So you which sprang but once from living death
Have hid my plight from God and led my soul to Life.

Clouds

I caught a May-mess in the sky.
Pinions, puffed and pulled passed by
as frosted crests on pulsing sea,
or fluffed feathers on a spree.
Dashing sprays of flashing rays,
lifting up their hearts in praise,
sing through the day of the glory of God;
filling the earth—ay, ev'n the sod—
with a joy unbound, and a sound,
ah, a sound—O God—so round
and full it crashes on the ear
and surges in the soul so clear
that all of time is left to love
and mind and soul are lost above.

Praise God

Naked in the night, they stand alone,
pillars to the wretched.
Raven's nests; restless arms,
shriveled, knotted, restless arms
defying life and love—yet death.
Despicable to sight
they fill the mind's eye—
Ay worse than Walpurgis Night—
of fright and hate, despair and loneliness.
Screeching to the wind—
Reaching to the end of nothingness!
Harpie fowls of hell perched on their boughs
claw at the darkness of the night
and shake the stars and moon from sight—
but all in vain, for they are damned
and can not hide and I am safe and warm inside.

Winter Oaks

I hear he sits alone these nights—quite late they say and all alone.
The full moon becomes a half and still his lamp burns bright.
What power unseen, I wonder, keeps his strength?
Four and sixty years they faced the rising sun as one;
both rejoiced in union at five births; both received one pain of
stainless death.
Hand in hand they've toiled through the years; prayed, played, payed
their debts;
enjoyed forgotten joys and wept at sorrows long since lost to memory;
wending up the humdrum path of life, seeing only good and never
strife—Blessing God each day in their own way.
I've often heard the village folk give high and mighty praise of all
their ways.
Examples sure they've been of truth—true love, and happiness.
But these—as memories and dreams—shall fade into the grey forgotten
years—
as Nature's tears on window panes or footprints on an ocean shore.
Life must be so sad for him—

What's this I hear?—

He's dead!

Floating through the dim and smoky atmosphere of the Manhattan jazz joint came some old and familiar piano tunes. As the crowd quieted down, the band took over. The Count played a phrase or two on the piano; the rhythm section began to intensify the beat with the cymbals sizzling in the background. Five bitter-sweet saxophones brought out the melody, and seven brasses wove into it with cross rhythms. The melody began to swell; the walls of the room seemed to buckle and strain to withhold it. Suddenly the drummer unleashed several minor explosions igniting the entire band which hurled forth several ear-crushing chords and rammed home the climax. This is the

sound that carried Count Basie to the top, bringing him acclaim from critics, musicians, and the listening public.

William "Count" Basie's road to the top was a long one. He was born in Red Bank, New Jersey, August 21, 1906. His first instrument was a drum, but he began studying piano under the tutelage of his mother while he was quite young. In the early '20s Basie learned to play jazz by hanging around Harlem. It was here that he picked up his style from such ragtime masters as James P. Johnson and Willie "the Lion" Smith. From Fats Waller he learned the rudiments of jazz organ. While the Count did not have the piano technique of Wal-

BASIE

By Fred Monczynski



ler or Johnson, he always had a tremendous beat and the ability to drive and inspire a soloist. It was taken for granted whenever Basie played that the "cats" would take out their horns and blow.

In 1927, Basie joined one of the numerous negro vaudeville troupes that were touring the West and South in those days; and as fate would have it, the one he was with folded in Kansas City. At that time K.C. was a wide open town; dance halls and drinking places flourished, and statutes concerning closing hours were largely ignored. Because of the good employment situation, the city was teeming with musicians, and jam sessions were constantly in progress. Basie worked for a while as a pianist in a silent movie house, then joined Walter Paige's Blue Devils, headed by the bass player who was to be the Count's anchor man for many years.

When the Blue Devils broke up, Basie, Paige, and blue singer Jimmy Rushing joined Bennie Moten, who had the top combo in the Southwest. With Bennie Moten's band the Count discovered that he could make a combo swing with more freedom by cutting down on the number of notes played on the piano, staying out of the soloist's way, "comping" the bare minimum of chords needed to set the harmonic direction, and occasionally spurring the ensemble or soloist, or signalling a modulation. After Moten

died in 1935, Basie took over the band, and the first Count Basie unit was in business.

The band was working at the Reno Club, which was broadcasting nightly over a small local station when it was heard by John Hammond, jazzdom's most influential patron. He sent word to Benny Goodman, who was playing in Chicago at that time. Goodman listened to a broadcast and left for Kansas City to hear more in person. He and Hammond contacted Goodman's booking agent, who signed the band for the Music Corporation of America, and Basie was on his way. Basie increased the size of the band to fourteen, and the amazing part is that he was still able to retain the flexibility of the smaller combo. A large part of Basie's arrangements played at the time were "heads"—improvisations remembered, but never written down. The Count and his men were masters in inventing "riffs"—fragments of melody used in a propulsive, rhythmic manner, often in combination, producing some complex and exciting counterpoint.

In January, 1937, the band started its affiliation with Decca, mailing a series of recordings that were a complete success with musicians, if not with the general public, and were to greatly affect the course of modern jazz. At this time Basie's band was in New York, where his debut at the Roseland ballroom caused something of a sensation. In 1939,

the band took part in one of the first Carnegie Hall jazz and folk concerts, sponsored by John Hammond, who had persuaded Benny Goodman to make his Carnegie debut the year before. By the early '40s, Basie was playing at such places as Cafe Society Uptown in New York, the Strand Theatre, Chicago's Sherman Hotel, and numerous one-nighters.

The Count's period with Victor, starting in 1947, was a slump in the band's fortunes. There was an unfortunate turmoil in the jazz world at this time. Bop was rampant, thumbing its nose at everything identified with jazz's past. The younger musicians in the established bands rebelled at the music they had to read, and their attempts to fit the new solo ideas into the old frames were chaotic. Even the leaders felt the compulsion to get with the new sounds; Benny Goodman, who hated the new music, made himself and his musicians miserable trying to simulate the new sounds.

Many of the musical innovations by the Count and members of his band helped to initiate the jazz revolution of the early '40s. The Count eliminated the left hand strides, letting the string bass carry a simple line, walking, four notes to the bar, through the big open spaces, while the guitar would chord alongside. This gave new weight to the bass, leading to the downfall of the "cornball" "slap-bass" technique. Guitarists

had to look for the best possible chord voicings, because they could now be heard instead of just felt. Drum and piano had freedom to accent at will, on or off beat. This arrangement was perfect for drummer Jo Jones. He began to "drop bombs," accenting heavily at irregular intervals, thus cueing the solo horns to change the rhythmic patterns and length of their solos. Lester Young's tenor saxophone solo improvisations introduced all sorts of new melodic, harmonic, and rhythmic patterns. Lester's line departed from the simple and evenly syncopated rhythms of his predecessors. He extended and altered chords, making use of notes from the overtone pattern of the simple triad.

Not the least of the Count's contributions has been pointing out the possibilities of the blues in jazz, although it did not affect the "boppers." Even though a good part of his music is based on the 12 bar blues, there is great variety in the Basie book. His approach is like that of a preacher and a congregation singing spirituals; question and answer, chant and response, always gaining in intensity as the soloists weave their way in and out of the melody. Basie's blues are not the "mournful" or "angry" blues; they're happy, swinging, danceable blues.

Big band morale everywhere had declined after the war, and the Count's band for the first time was showing stress and

strain. His tempos were not always perfect, and there was a little too much going on in the arrangements. In '50 and '51, Basie was without a big band. This fact points out how bad conditions really were, because even during the lean years in the past, personnel changes were at a minimum. The band was a collection of friendly, outgoing individuals who stuck together. During his bandless period, Basie toured with a septet including such modernists as Clark Terry on trumpet, Wardell Grey on tenor, and Buddy De Franco on clarinet. He reorganized his band, and in 1954, the unit made its first visit to Europe. They struck up an association with Birdland, the most successful of the New York jazz haunts, and thanks to the owner's fondness for the band, they had a home for a number of weeks each year.

Gradually the musicians began to listen and to talk about the Big Basie band. Then it came to the attention of the public, and the Basie boom was under way. The Count exposed several new stars who understood and played in the modern manner, but who loved the blues and could play with a relaxed but elemental, driving feeling. One after another, the new men began winning polls; trumpet player Thad Jones was voted New Star in the 1956 Jazz Critics Poll; tenor saxophone and flute player Frank Wess had been carrying off top flute honors and was New Star on tenor in '54.

Then in 1955, Basie replaced his aging blues singer, Jimmy Rushing, with a young Chicagoan named Joe Williams, who gave the Count his first hit record in several years—"Every Day." The Count himself received several awards, taking first place in the *Down Beat* Polls of '55, and '56, and in the Musicians' Musician poll conducted by Leonard Feather's *Encyclopedia Yearbook of Jazz*. He was voted Jazz Personality of the Year '56, and won the Jazz Critics' Poll in '54, '55, and '56.

Today Count Basie is receiving rewards and recognition as never before. It is apparent that he has one jazz organization appealing to critics, musicians, and fans alike. He has brought most of the modernists back down to earth—after some of their extremist experiments left them hanging in space—with his eternally swinging beat. In jazz, the thing is to swing, a necessity almost completely disregarded in the '40s when jazzmen were engaged in many musical experiments, which alienated the listening public. While Count Basie, his arrangers, and sidemen have always been aware of new developments, they have utilized the modern sounds only where they have proved logical and valid extensions of the Basie spirit and style. The Count has proved that no matter how modern you get with your materials, you can keep down to earth and honest, and that's how jazz should be.

Not A Chance

By
Ronald
Barrans

Bernie sat alone in one of the booths at the Treasure Chest. The jukebox had stopped playing, and he could hear the busy, jangling sounds of silverware and plastic dishes being washed. From where he sat, sipping his coffee, he could see the April rain coming down in the light of the red neon signs and the lights of cars that went squishing down Tower Avenue. There had been many nights when he sat in the same place looking at the same things. And sometimes it had been raining, and sometimes it hadn't. But tonight all these familiar things looked different.

A glance at his wristwatch told him that it was almost one. Tomorrow he would have to see Scratch first thing and tell him what had happened. After all, it was all Scratch's fault.

Scratch and Bernie had been talking about new cars on the bus going home from school when Scratch said, "Hey, Bernie, who ya takin' to the prom?"

And Bernie said, "For cryin' out loud, what brought that up?"
"Oh, I just happened to think of it."

"Well, who are you taking?" Bernie countered.

"Oh, I don't know. I might ask Angie Kraemer. Who you tak-ing?"

"How should I know? I don't even know if I'm going."

There was a moment of silence till Scratch said, "Hey, Bernie, how come you don't like girls?"

"Who said I don't like girls, fathead? Just 'cause I don't feel like going—"

"Ah, you never go out with girls. What's a matter, won't yer old man let ya?"

"Course he'll let me! You crazy?"

"I guess you just like to stay home nights and study all the time, huh?"

"You're out of your mind! There's plenty of things to do besides messing around with girls."

"Ginger Mahoney would go with you. She's nuts about you."

"Forget it. I took her out once. Never again."

"You don't like Ginger? I think she's pretty nice."

"Well then why don't *you* take her?"

"I thought *you* were going to take her."

"Not a chance, sailor, she's all yours."

"Ah, she wouldn't go with me."

"She'd go with Jack the Ripper."

"Well, there's hundreds of other girls at East. You wouldn't have much of a time getting one."

"You wouldn't understand, Scratch."

"Understand what, wise guy? Face it, you're just afraid of girls, that's all. You're afraid to ask, 'cause you think they'll say no."

"You're damn right; they'll say no. The girls—"

"Yer off yer rocker! If I can get dates, you sure as hell can."

"Now listen, Scratch, I thought this all out before—a lot of times. There's only three girls at East that I'd want to go out with, and none of them would even look at me through a telescope."

"Who are they?" Scratch challenged.

"None of your business, loud-mouth."

"Hell, I bet you didn't even ask 'em."

"Ah, you can tell when you ain't got a chance. They might as well be living on Mars as far as I'm concerned."

"You ask 'em once, and you might get a big shock, loverboy."

"Not a chance. I gotta get off here. See ya tonight, fathead."

"Yeah, and bring your lab book over."

When Bernie got home he sat in the living room looking at the new car issue of *Popular Mechanics*. But he kept glancing at the telephone out of the corner of his eye.

Joyce Weaver? Nah—she always goes with Rog Stranko, the all-American boy. Doris Schulz? She seemed to turn on the freeze whenever Bernie said more than hi. Diane Hall? "Oh, you dreamer!" he murmured contemptuously.

But a minute later the magazine lay in a far corner of the room and Bernie was on the

phone saying, "Oh, hello, Joyce . . . Bernie . . . What are you doing tonight? . . . Too late, huh? . . . Well, how about tomorrow? . . . Oh, too bad. Well, see you around . . . Yeah, G'by."

He didn't hesitate a minute, but flipped through the phone book as if he were looking for the fire department. He gritted his teeth as he dialed. One ring. Two rings. "Hello. Is Doris there?" Then he waited while he could hear girls' voices tittering at the Schulz's. Tomorrow everyone in town would know about this! "Hello, Doris? . . . This is Bernie . . . Yeah, Bernie in 2 o'clock lab . . . I was just wondering if you'd care to go out tonight . . . Oh . . . Yeah, maybe some other time . . . Yeah. See you around, Doris." But Bernie knew it wasn't Hoyle to ask again when a girl said, "Maybe some other time," the way Doris had said it.

"Well," he sighed, "might as well complete the fiasco." He had saved Diane Hall till last, because she was the Queen of East High in Bernie's opinion, and he figured that the greatest tragedy should be last. Carefully he selected the number from the directory. He dialed slowly. The phone was answered on the first ring.

"Hello, is Diane there? . . . Oh, hello Diane . . . This is Bernie . . . Bernie Collins . . . I was in your French class last year, remember? . . . You don't? . . . Well, never mind. Goodby."

Bernie heaved a deep sigh as he put down the receiver. "Hah! She didn't even remember me," he said foolishly, as if to explain to the part of himself that just couldn't realize what had happened. He walked over to the corner where he had tossed the magazine. When he picked it up, he noticed that he was trembling. He went back to his easy chair and sat down. Bernie still knew Ginger Mahoney's phone number by heart. That's how seldom he went on dates. "Hell!" he said, and threw the magazine back in the corner.

The juke box at the Treasure Chest began to play "April Love." Bernie smiled as his date came back to the booth and sat across from him.

"There!" she said laughing. "I spent our last nickel. Now we'll have to walk home."

Bernie laughed too. "But it's raining," he said.

"I don't care; I like walking in the rain."

"Well, we better get started, kid. It's almost one o'clock."

"Let's wait till the music stops," she said. She put her hand on his as if to keep him from leaving. Bernie wished that she would leave it there, but she withdrew it with a little blush.

"Gee, I'm glad you called me tonight, Bernie," she said.

"And I'm sure glad you called back, Diane."

MARKTWIRTSCHAFT

By Patrick Lynch

"I do not have to make promises; look around you, I have kept them all." These words were spoken by a man truly convinced of his own achievements who sought to instill in the people of his country a belief in the principles which he so religiously embraces. The man is Ludwig Erhard, Minister of Economic Affairs for the German Federal Republic; the principle, "Marktwirtschaft"—free market enterprise alive to social responsibility. This man and this principle have been instrumental in raising West Germany from the status of an economy which in 1947 was incapable of production equal to its prewar capacity, to that of an economy in which the whole of Western Europe now finds hope for economic progress and leadership.

Following the currency reform which was advocated by Erhard and introduced by the Allied Commissioners in 1947, West Germany's economic growth skyrocketed. Her Gross National Product has grown at an annual rate of about twice that of the United States. Real wages have increased 60 per cent since 1950. West Germany is now third in the world's total steel production. The level of unemployment has fluctuated but has remained low relative to the other economies of Europe. Her gold reserves, a result of a persisting excess of exports over imports, are now more than twice those of Great Britain's. Consumer durable goods

production has increased markedly. And in the face of this rise in production, the cost-of-living has increased relatively little since 1950. Considering the mass destruction of her capital equipment, the poverty and misery imposed by six years of war, the fact that her population has increased by a quarter of its prewar size due to an influx of displaced persons, and the fact that many of her industries were stripped by the Russians, West Germany's reconstruction has been truly remarkable. At the forefront of this economic regeneration has been Ludwig Erhard.

In just ten years he has risen from a somewhat obscure position as an economic advisor to the Allied Commissioners to the positions of Minister of Economic Affairs and Vice-Chancellor. This latter title is more one of prestige than of power, but it demonstrates the respect with which he is held, both by the people and by Chancellor Adenauer. His direction of the economy has been both enlightened and imaginative. Through his boundless energy and self-confidence he has succeeded in convincing practically all those around him that the course on which he is leading them is "forever upward." He has taken liberal economic principles, which in Germany have lain almost forgotten since before the days of Bismarck's paternalistic state, and applied them with phenomenal success. Some say he is a miracle man; others say he is an economic

prophet. Practically all agree that he has succeeded in doing a job which a decade ago was thought to be virtually impossible.

Erhard was born in 1897 in Furth near Nurnberg. Following service in World War I, he attended Nurnberg's Commercial College and, later, Frankfort University, where he received a doctorate in economics. It was at Frankfort under Wilhelm Vershofen that Erhard evolved his ideas on the market economy and free enterprise. During the ensuing years, these ideas were to play an increasingly important part in his thinking.

Upon completion of his studies, Erhard worked in a small market research institute in Nurnberg along with his wife, also an economist. He kept this position for sixteen years until the advent of World War II when he was ousted for non-cooperation with Hitler's Labor Front movement. He then organized a small research institute and engaged in such work as was supplied by influential friends in industry.

During this time Erhard was contemplating the economic future of postwar Germany and secretly drafted plan after plan for her reconstruction. The guiding principle for all of his planning was free enterprise, and in this respect he differed from the majority of existing German policy makers. Germany has a long history as a paternalistic and authoritarian government with respect to economic affairs, and this

philosophy was still very much in ascendancy at the time. Following World War II, this divergence in thinking split West Germany. Some advocated rigorous state controls and protection for those industries which were operational at the time; others, led by Erhard, advocated freedom for industry and the abolition of state controls.

Because of his beliefs, Erhard was regarded as an incurable optimist. How could free competition flourish in the maze of controls and rationing which was thought to be necessary for the very preservation of the economy? Erhard had the answers! Seated at a small desk in a ramshackle barracks at the Allied headquarters in Frankfort, Erhard, newly appointed Bavarian Economics Minister, extolled the merits of the free market economy to anyone who would listen to him. With the industrial power of Germany lying in ruin, he preached the doctrine of "Marktwirtschaft" and dreamed of the future. Those who listened to his "pathetic" ramblings about competition, free trade, the cessation of rationing, etc., shook their heads and called him an idealist. Erhard contended that he was the realist who knew the capacity of a free market economy.

It was not until 1947 when he was appointed Economic Advisor to the Allied Commission that Erhard received the opportunity to put into effect his years of planning. With one sweep, and

without the permission of the Allied Commission, he abolished price controls and rationing. Immediately the cry of "Inflation" echoed all over Germany. Prices inched upward as the huge backlog of demand strained productive capacity. A general strike was threatened. There were rumblings of discontent against the man who had unleashed the competitive forces. All indicators pointed to an economic storm.

But through it all, Erhard stood firm. He declared in August, 1948: "I maintain and events will prove me right, that the time will soon come when, as a result of competition, prices will be reduced to their appropriate levels." He had taken the big step. Now he could only wait for the outcome, upon which rested not only his position as minister, but, more important to him, the future of the free market economy.

Almost immediately, the free price mechanism began to operate. Goods appeared in the shop windows; prices declined; land was cleared; industrial construction was started; unemployment dropped; the sounds of industry filled the air. Erhard worked, pleaded, cajoled, and threatened against price increases, industrial bottlenecks, and demands for dropped controls, fought cartels, and soothed the people. But his initial battle had been won. He had applied the principles of free enterprise and had proved his theory. This initial success was not only a sizeable accomplish-

ment but also a personal victory for Erhard. To him this was the proof to all that ". . . the principles of free competition in production, of free consumer choice, guarantee economic and social successes better than any form of state direction or control."

At the present time Erhard is faced with two economic problems of primary importance: rearmament and the European Common Market. He approaches both problems from the standpoint of their effects on the principles of the market economy. He feels that the experience of Germany in rearmament has been disastrous, because in two previous experiences the principles of financial stability have been disregarded, bringing about a depreciation of the currency. Thus, he feels that any tendency towards inflation would lead to disastrous effects. "It would be paradoxical that if, in making our contribution to the defense of the freedom-loving order of the world, we would lose our own freedom through disaster." His solution is to offer special tax concessions to portions of the economy in order to achieve a decentralization of armament production. This "spreading" of the armament production among the industries would lower the inflationary pressures on all.

Erhard does not feel that Europe is ready for the Common Market plan. He believes that Germany, after having abolished

trade and currency restrictions at home, would be stepping into an island of protectionism. Better, he says, to strive for a free international order and the convertability of currencies, both of which will necessitate basic changes in the institutions of some of the other economies of Europe.

Because he is so convinced of the principles of a free market economy and places such reliance upon it both as the primary cause of West Germany's growth and its main hope for the future, Erhard is often classified as an economic liberal of the Manchester school. He is accused of being too true to a "system." To those accusations Erhard answers: ". . . economic events are not guided by mechanical laws. The economy does not lead a life of its own like an automaton, but is fashioned and applied by man. I am not willing to accept without reservation and in every phase of development the orthodox rule of a market economy according to which only demand and supply determine price." He repeatedly states that he considers personal freedom to be indivisible; that a free social order can only continue if, and so long as, the economic life of a nation contains a maximum of freedom, of private initiative, and of foresight. It is with these convictions that he has gone about his work.

In evaluating Erhard's achievements in the past ten years, one must remember some basic underlying facts which his emphasis

and reliance on the principles of "Marktwirtschaft" tend to obscure. The economic condition of West Germany was such at the end of the war that there was practically no way to go but up. The German people are a physically vigorous and hard-working race. The labor force is technically well-trained and experienced. The entrepreneurs are alert, inventive, and ingenious. The scientists and engineers are highly educated. The Korean boom gave West Germany a tremendous opportunity to expand her markets. The inflation existing in the economies around West Germany raised the value of her currency, in relation to the others, thus placing her at an advantage in trade.

These facts may help to place the events in proper prospective. These facts along with the principles of a free market economy applied with all the fervor Erhard could achieve have gained for him what some call the economic miracle of the day.

Morally and socially this rise has been a tremendous "uplift" for the people of West Germany. There is a new spirit abroad in the land, a new vitality, a feeling that "we're going places." It would seem that on the basis of this new found hope and prosperity, the existence of which the people attribute to Erhard and his policies, the future of the German Federal Republic will find him playing a continually increasing and important role in her affairs.

Mary C. Pursley
Creative Writing
Contest Award
1958

By
Ronald
Moorman

The Little Old sat thinking not particularly hard about anything in particular. The Little Old liked the smell of the fall nights, the sweet-sour smell of the burning leaves mixed with the faint dampness of an early dew. He sat quiet in the old rocker on the front porch, listening to the far-off shouts of children tearing their little world apart in their play, listening to the sad-souled mourning dove crying its heart out from atop the weather vane.

He liked that. Little Old didn't move around much these days; rheumatism and good old-fashioned laziness kept him pretty well at home, even though home was rather lonely since Little Old had died. She had been his life, and now his life was dead; and so was he, almost. No more laughing young lady in the strawberry bustle, no more pregnant little housewife laughing all day, waiting for new life, no more wrinkled Little Old sitting quiet beside

Nobody's Story

him on a peaceful night. She was dead. But still, Man liked his little rocker on the front porch in this little town somewhere out in nowhere in the world. It was quiet.

Young Man beat his fingers on the table top in time—time to the boom-boom rhythm of the juke-box and made goo-goo eyes at Young Woman in the next booth. Young Woman pretended not to notice, but she did; and deep down in her heart, Young Woman was hoping that Young Man would come over and sit beside her. But he didn't. It was raining outside, and the beat-beat of the rain drops on the plate-glass mixed with the boom-boom and—Who said this wasn't music? Young People went to school days and studied never. They spent their time and their money—their money?—here at "home" with Brother Music and Sister Cigarette, and had one, shall we say, hell-of-a-good time, doing nothing in a rather extraordinarily fancy way. They liked this noisy hell-of-a-good time joint in this little town somewhere out in a hell-of-a-good time nowhere in the world. They liked noise.

Nobody went to the funeral. Bad Woman was dead, prematurely, but dead anyway; and nobody cared, except maybe the Bad Kids. But regardless of what Bad Men said about her, although it might have been true, she still liked the rising and the setting of the sun, rich, ripe getting up and going down, the sound of birds in

the morning, the softness of young children, quiet music. She was a woman—bad or good. But now she was dead, and only a small stone of marble would mark her resting place. She was beautiful. No one denied that; but now she was dead, and her beauty would be seen only by no one, always a silent admirer. Year upon year, Loving Mother would point out to her Growing Child this little grave, and forever this plot of land would be evil to the Child, this plot of land and body of Bad Woman—forever evil. But still every night and every morning she could see the setting and the rising of the sun. That was nice! No, no one went to the funeral, not even Bad Man. Oh, yes, he liked her when she was alive; but now—well, she was dead. All the Bad Men drank a toast to her down at Somebody's Bar and Grill. That was very nice of them. They were a nice bunch, these Bad Men—polite, dirty, coarse, nice. They never forgot anyone. The only reason these coarse, dirty, nice Men stayed here at Somebody's Bar was that they liked the place, the smell of beer and cigar butts, the dirty floors; and besides, the Kids yelled too much at home and the Wife was always crabby. It was so much nicer here with the television going, the smoke all around, the mumbling drunk in the corner, the jokes, laughing, shouting. At heart, they were all peace-loving Men, but they were, each for his own private little reason, all mad

at the world, and this had become their home and heaven, a rather dirty heaven, but still, heaven. And after all, they would have had to go to CHURCH to see the funeral. No, that wasn't for them. They were Bad Men.

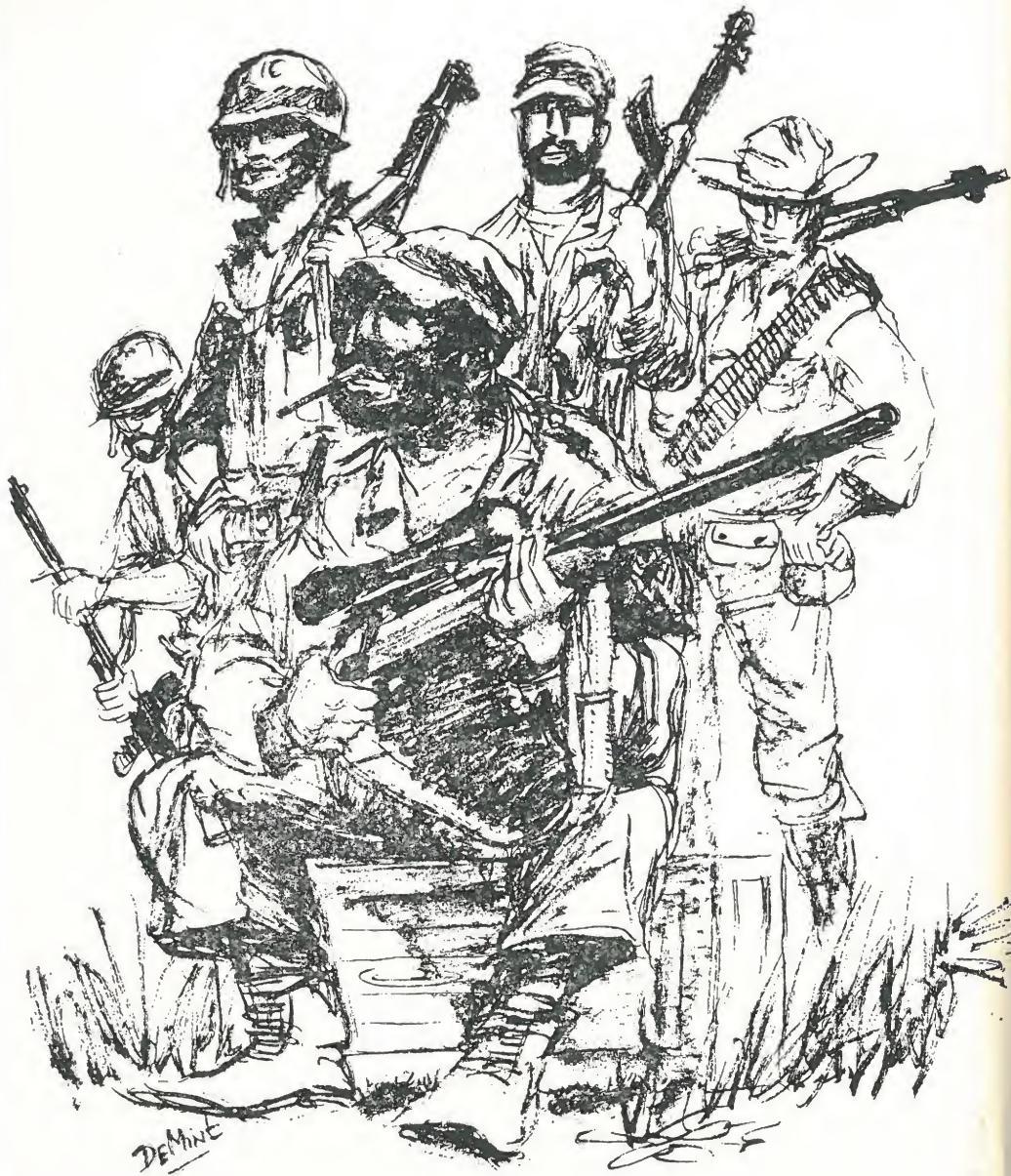
Good Man and Good Woman were living happily ever after, just like the book said they would, and they enjoyed it. They went to church on Sunday like all Good People should, raised their children as the Good Book said they should, and in general were just good, like all people should be if they want to be good. Their house was good too, not dirty; clean lawn, pretty paint, pious pictures, and towels marked His and Hers, like all good homes should have. Good Man and Good Woman let the world run itself; they had enough to do at home. Just as long as the TV still worked, the car still ran, prices were low and wages high, no wars, not too high

taxes—the world was good. They didn't complain too much. They were satisfied.

This is any town, and these are any people, not all of them, but some of them. Theirs are the shoulders you rub everyday, and theirs are the soft toes you step on. They are people like you and —. However,

I am Nobody. I run the world (under God, of course), and in one man's opinion, I do a pretty good job of it. My code is me, my motto, self; and I am happy. This is my world and my people—old, happy, sad, glad, good people. They are mine, and I don't particularly hate them, as long as they are nice to me, Nobody. It is rather nice for me, since nobody (that's me) knows me, and I'm every one in particular. Rather confusing, isn't it. But I understand, and that's all that's important, for after all, the world belongs to me, Nobody.

DUEL FOR A JEWEL



"The dictator is dead!" cried the excited newscaster into the microphone held in his trembling hand. Over him stood two youths, clad in rumpled ivy league suits. One wielded a submachine gun; the other pressed a cocked .45 automatic against the newsman's head.

"Say it again!" commanded the one with the automatic. Before the terrified man could answer, the other youth shouted "Police!" and pointed through the control room window. Advancing cautiously down the corridor were five white uniformed men.

The tall youth fired a short blast at the police, then sprinted for the door. Suddenly, a machine gun rattled in the long hall; the boy spun around in agony and crumpled against a control panel. The other youth panicked, throwing up his arms and running across the room toward the police. They cut him in half before he reached the door. The revolt at the Vadado radio station had failed.

So did the one at the palace in Havana. At exactly the same time (3:30 p.m., March 14, 1956) another young rebel group from Havana University fought their way past the astonished guards at the Colon Street entrance to the

presidential palace. Heavily armed with stolen weapons, the youths stormed into the lower floor of the white mansion. Not finding the dictator on the ground floor, they battled their way to the second. Here the stiff opposition of the palace guard finally forced the rebels back to the ground floor. And now their luck ran out. Their guns jammed. The grenades wouldn't explode. They were trapped.

Meanwhile, the entrance guards regained their senses. A hurried phone call to nearby Camp Columbia brought Sherman tanks rumbling to the palace. As the tanks swung into position on Colon Street, the guards on the second floor of the palace threw tear gas bombs at the rebels below. One by one, the students had to run from that fuming, nauseating hell. But there was only one way to go—and the tanks were waiting.

Fifteen minutes later, the dictator appeared on the second floor balcony, surrounded by guards bristling with smoking rifles. With pistol in one hand and megaphone in the other, he dramatically praised his loyal guard and denounced the bullet riddled youths lying below as ". . . poor, senseless fools, probably communist inspired." The crowd gathered

By
William McCrea

at the palace fence listened in stoic silence, raising not a single voice to answer the address.

Cursing the negative response, the dictator spun about, barked commands for doubling the guard, and retired to the safety of his third floor apartment.

Fulgencio Batista had not always been a ruthless dictator. Born of mixed parents in Oriente province, Cuba, he knew the dreary peasant ration of rice and yucca roots, the poverty of the sugar harvester, and the wretchedness of a frail home of thatched palm leaves.

Struggling from job to job, he finally enlisted in the army and studied at night school to learn shorthand so he could be a secretary. In this position, he was able to attend the big conferences, meet the army brass, and learn the internal workings of the military. Batista soon ascended to Sergeant 1st Class.

The year of opportunity proved to be 1933. President Machado and his corrupt gang of terrorists became intolerable to every Cuban. A general strike and a revolt in the army, headed by a group of sergeants including Batista, forced Machado to flee the country. Dr. Manuel de Cespedes assumed the presidency, but the revenge hungry Cubans staged a nation wide riot against all authority. Batista seized this moment of confusion, staging a coup d'état before the police could organize against the disorder. Cespedes went packing, but a few

hardened army officers refused to yield to the short, wiry leader of the "Sergeant's Revolt." Holed up in the National Hotel in Havana, they defied Batista. However, five thousand rounds of cannon bombardment soon modified their criticism of the new regime.

Batista declined the presidency because the U.S. frowned upon his forceful methods. Colonel Carlos Mendita was acceptable to the Americans, so the puppet was installed with Batista pulling the strings as Army Chief of Staff.

Cuba fared well for the next seven years. The schools, the army, and industry grew rapidly. Government was efficient and reasonably incorrupt. Sugar cane production increased as farmers benefited under government loan programs. The people were happy. They loved Batista.

In 1940 Batista himself ran for president and won by a landslide. The U.S. surveyed the preceding years of Cuban growth and nodded her approval.

By siding with the Allies in the World War, Batista strengthened many good will and friendship bonds. The favorable political atmosphere encouraged many U.S. companies to move into Cuba. The island's treasury soon bulged with revenues and taxes that American industrialists willingly paid to exploit Cuba's vast natural resources.

1944 arrived and Batista, overflowing with nationalism, happily turned the reins of government over to president elect, Dr.

Ramon Grau San Martin. In his farewell speech, Batista praised the new leader, but added a prophetic note, ". . . if you ever need me *amigos*, I will come back." Amid shouts of "Viva Batista!" the "Little Sergeant" boarded his plane and took off for a tour of the Americas.

Traveling freely on his fifty million dollar fortune, Batista enjoyed the pleasures of South America, Mexico, and New York's Waldorf Astoria. Florida reminded him of Cuba, so he settled in Daytona Beach with his wife and family. Real estate occupied his spare time—he still owns thousands of acres in central Florida, as well as several large hotels in Miami Beach.

But Batista failed to let well enough alone. Keeping in touch with Cuban politics, he learned that the island republic suffered under the corruption of Grau's administration. Consequently, he returned to Cuba in the late 40's and was elected senator from Santa Clara province. His popularity soared once again. Forming his own party (Unitary Action), Batista announced his candidacy for president in the 1952 elections.

However, as the election drew near, Batista found the competition stiffening. President Carlos Prio Socarras decided to run for another term, and a fanatic idealist, Eddy Chilas, popped up to attract thousands of followers.

Chilas called for drastic changes. Each night for one hour

he would scream reform over every Cuban radio station. His insistent clamour drew many to his cause, but it also riled his opponents. The idealist, however, was too enthusiastic for his own good. One night, being at a loss for ending to his fiery orations, Chilas whipped out a pistol and dramatically shot himself right in front of the microphone.

Even with Chilas out of the way, Socarras still controlled a sizeable portion of the vote. So Batista decided to clinch his own success by using his old trick—the coup d'état.

At 2:43 p.m., March 10, 1952, Batista kicked off the second coup. With less than seventy-seven minutes of fighting he once again had complete control of the Cuban government.

The action started when Batista and a group of officers captured the same Camp Columbia that had been the starting point of the first coup. Special squads then subdued the other strategic military centers across the island as Batista's group moved into Havana. The startled Socarras sought refuge in the Mexican embassy and later fled to Mexico City.

The new dictator acted quickly to strengthen his new position. The army was pacified when he doubled their pay. A cabinet of nine of his former officers assembled. Constitutional guarantees were suspended for forty-five days, strikes were banned, the elections cancelled and the con-

gress dismissed. Cuba found herself once again under the long shadow of Batista.

Batista was back, but not popular. Cubans muttered under their breaths against the violent turn to military dictatorship. They had tasted constitutional freedom under Grau and Socarras and relished its benefits despite the corrupt government. Discontent grew; riots broke out; officials were assassinated by daring patriots.

The dictator, bewildered at first by the rejection of the people, decided to meet the challenge with a positive plan for success. However, when bribery, lavish promises of prosperity, and flamboyant political display and pageantry all failed to close the Cuban eye to democratic government, Batista precipitated to the method that all dictators ultimately enlist to retain power—terrorism. The new regime brutality crushed insurrection with its military thumb. It appeared that Batista would quickly muzzle the entire nation.

Then came March, 1956, and the Havanna student rebellion. This bloody failure marked the beginning of open revolutionary activities against Batista. As the stunned people turned away from the nauseating scene at the palace that day, they asked one another, "How far will this madman go just to stay in that palace?"

Undoubtedly, Batista will try anything to keep Cuba in his grasp. Many before him have sacrificed life and fortune in order

to claim this Caribbean treasure house that lies a mere ninety miles south of Florida. About the size of Pennsylvania, Cuba harvests two major crops, sugar and tourists. The island's fertile soil yields over \$200 million of sugar cane each year, as well as voluminous crops of tobacco and rice. Americans, however, flock to Cuba to enjoy her pleasures and beauty, entranced by this island paradise that prompted Columbus to say, "Cuba—the most beautiful land human eyes have ever seen."

Year around, tourists crowd the pearl white beaches, jam the gambling casinos at Havana and Santiago, and revel in the flesh-pots found in every major city. People the world over come to learn and enjoy latin American music, swing to the rhythmic mambo, or just watch the torrid dance exhibitions which world traveler J. P. McEnvoy describes as "the Kinsey report set to music."

Foreign promoters have found gold, both yellow and black, in many parts of the island. Rare trees, yielding valuable lumber, grow in abundance in the mountains, and livestock flourish on natural pastures.

Cuba is rich, but the wealth is poorly distributed. Many live in dire poverty with little food, few schools, and only the dream of modern medical care. Over one million Cubans work a meager four months of the year, finding employment only during the sugar harvest. In contrast, num-

erous politicians and military officials enjoy the most lavish estates, spend their evenings at Havana's dice tables, and relax periodically in New York or Paris.

Batista prizes this jewel of the Caribbean above all else, but his methods for claiming Cuba will eventually ruin her. Business and professional men oppose the dictator because his severe political measures are ruining the tourist trade and curtailing production. Batista fails to realize that terrorism scares travelers as well as citizens and that business cannot prosper in the tense, inflammable atmosphere that his decrees have created.

The dictator at first gloated over the successful application of his strong arm methods. The unorganized, fly-by-night spot rebellions were easily controlled by police. Dissenters were rounded up and jailed. Rebellious Cuban's learned to keep their mouths shut even though hatred for the regime flashed through their minds. The rebels knew they didn't stand a chance—unless they had a leader.

Soon after his second coup, Batista received word that a gang of over one hundred students had attacked Fort Moncada in Oriente province. Learning that the attack had failed and the instigators were in the Fort prison, the dictator shrugged the matter aside and turned to more important matters. In so doing, Batista let the leader of Cuba's future revolution slip through his fingers.

Fidel Castro and his nineteen-year old brother, Paul, had led the charge against the fort on the 26th of July. Overpowered by sheer numbers, the entire group was captured. Sixty died at the hands of sadistic police torturers, but the Castro brothers literally talked their way out of the prison. Fidel, a brilliant young lawyer with three university degrees, defended himself and Raul at their own trial. Amazingly, both were freed, but exiled.

The Castros sailed for New York, there arousing interest among Cuban industrialists to support a rebellion. Fidel soon acquired sufficient funds to train a small guerrilla band.

Castro named the group the "26th of July Movement" in remembrance of the Moncada incident. The fall of 1956 found Castro giving his troops exhaustive commando training at a secluded ranch near Mexico City. On December 22, 1956, the small army boarded the weathered yacht *Gramma* and pointed her bow for Cuba. The revolution was on!

When the rebels splashed onto the Oriente shore eight days later, they ran right into an ambush. Batista's army killed half of Castro's men before they had been in Cuba for an hour. But the rest escaped, seeking cover in the rugged wilderness of the Sierra Maestra mountains.

Castro organized his remaining men, added carefully selected volunteers, and launched a unique plan for rebellion. His maneuvers

call to mind a striking parallel to a certain dashing outlaw of English legend who used to roam Sherwood Forest in Nottinghamshire. Indeed, Fidel Castro is often referred to as the "Robin Hood of the Caribbean."

It is true that Castro has swapped Robin's hedge bow for a Savage 30-06, and that running machine gun battles have replaced the milder tourneys on the village green. But the mountain men follow closely the outlaw's central theme of fighting the government and aiding the suppressed.

The people in his liberated zone enjoy medical care and schooling. Castro and two other lawyers deal out stern justice to lawbreakers. The Catholic chaplain traveling with the rebels gives a note of assurance to the people and bolsters the morale of the insurgents.

Castro's success—he now controls most of Oriente province—may be attributed to several factors. First, the leadership of this handsome, thirty-one year old adventurer is outstanding. A photographic memory enables him to readily recall faces, installations, and even complicated maps. His tactics simply dumbfound the Cuban army. A fluent tongue and boundless energy make him immensely popular among the people. Most important, the group he leads is devoted to the last man. Castro is constantly with them. He joins in their meals of snake and yucca roots, sleeps in a soggy, tattered hammock,

and personally spearheads many raids.

Secondly, the rebels are mostly intellectuals. A listing of their names and positions sounds like the presentation of a university faculty. Doctors, lawyers, bankers and a variety of other professional men give Castro not only arm bearers, but also brilliant minds affording a wealth of ideas and advice for the movement.

Lastly, the constantly moving rebels have a goal—constitutional government for Cuba. Whereas Batista's troops fight for a salary, Castro's men battle for their lives, personal interests, and the welfare of the entire Cuban nation. This is what makes the rebels so tough.

If Castro caused Batista little concern in 1953, he is now at the top of the tottering dictators list of worries. Unable to capture him, Batista offers \$100,000 for Castro, dead or alive, and preferably the former. Castro laughs off this severe decree and continues to irritate the dictator from every side.

The rebels' plan is to cut off Batista's two main sources of revenue, the sugar and the tourists. Castro hopes that this move will result in an unpaid army which will turn on the dictator. To accomplish this end, he employs simple but dangerous means: destroy the sugar crop by fire, frighten away tourists by terrorizing the police in resort areas, and stymie industry with strikes.

While Castro turned to firing the cane fields, sympathizers in

Havana and Santiago de Cuba started the "cloak and dagger" strategy against the police and military hierarchy. Typical were the Rico and Solas incidents.

When the rebel supporting Inter-American Press Association arrived in Havana for its annual convention, Police Chief Rafael Solas expected trouble. On the eve of the opening of the convention, Solas doubled the police force. But the rebels struck anyway. Two fashionably dressed men brazenly gunned down Colonel Antonio Blance Rico as he waited for an elevator at the exclusive Montmartine night club. After the shooting, the assassins pushed their way through the tipsy crowd and sped away in a waiting car. Rico was chief of military intelligence.

The following day, the rebels tried to put on a real show for the Association, but it backfired. Armed students broke into the deserted Haitian embassy and sent a mysterious phone call to Police Chief Solas. Solas, still infuriated over Rico's death, rushed to the embassy, but brought along fifty policemen. As Solas questioned the butler in the doorway of the mansion, an over zealous rebel flattened him with a burst from a machine gun. Immediately, the angered police stormed inside and killed all ten youths.

Throughout 1957 these hit-and-run tactics prevailed. Castro's group continued to burn the cane. With the aid of a small plane and special sun-ignited

phosphorus bombs, as much as half a million pounds of sugar was destroyed in a single week. The urban rebels created general disorder in major Cuban cities. Havana rocked with bombings every night, and street fighting became so fierce that no one dared to venture onto the streets after dark. Each morning revealed the bodies of strangled policemen and bullet riddled youth lying in the gutters, the grim results of the previous night's struggle.

Despite rebel victories, Batista held his own. Judges who refused to prosecute political offenders were dismissed. The subdued congress granted Batista any power desired. The army continued to get paid and, consequently, remained loyal. The dictator was not going to give up without a fight.

However, all did not go well for Castro in 1957. The Miami Council of Liberation, organized to supply Castro with guns and money, didn't see eye to eye with the rebel leader on several counts. A disastrous split seemed impending when heated letters were exchanged concerning the questions of post liberation policies and the presidential nominee for the June elections.

Then came December and the first anniversary of the invasion. Castro and the Council compromised, Castro agreeing to private ownership of heavy industry, and the Council accepting Dr. Manuel Urrutia Lleo as candidate for president. Meanwhile, Batista's

police murdered the prominent Pelayo Cuerro Navano—"Like killing Lyndon Johnson," said one



Cuban—rousing cries of protest all across the island and swinging popular support to the rebellion.

Castro nearly suffered defeat on January 13, 1958. On that day

three of his top lieutenants were captured by the army and thrown into a local jail near Santiago. Batista shouted with joy and predicted an early end to the revolt. However, before the prisoners could be transported to Havana for trial, Castro's men raided the jail, slaughtered the entire staff, and spirited the lieutenants to safety.

The rebels now began a drive against communications and transportation. The Cambo Cruz lighthouse was captured, and a small detachment blew up locomotives belonging to the San Ramon Sugar Company. Castro's men raided passenger trains with scheduled regularity, and hardly a single freight crossed Oriente province without being attacked. Every telephone line in eastern Cuba was cut.

Castro, backed now by a thousand guerrilla fighters, sounded his strength by calling for a national strike on February 10. Labor boss Eusebio Mujal nipped the strike in the bud by threatening permanent dismissal to any worker caught joining the move. Havana rebels retaliated by kidnapping Juan Manuel Fangio, world auto racing champion, on the eve of the Gran Premio auto race. Havana raised an uproar, and the later released Fangio was furious. The humiliated Batista offered meek apologies, then angrily fired the chief of police and installed General Pilar Garcia, infamous torturer and sadist of Cuba's penitentiaries.

The "reign of terror" that followed under Garcia alarmed the Cuban Catholic Church to call upon Batista to abdicate in favor of a "National Union Government" that would conduct a fair election. The Church's statement declared that the death toll had reached civil war proportions. Batista coldly refused the suggestion as ". . . impractical at this time."

A group of national organizations—the National Bar Association, National Medical Association, K of C, engineering and teaching societies—also circulated a petition demanding Batista's resignation. When the dictator refused to consider this document, the students in schools and universities across the island staged a "revolutionary strike," pledging not to return to their studies "until peace is had in Cuba."

A serious uprising occurred immediately in Las Villas province. The rebels in Camaguey province burned down the court house containing government records being used in terrorism and sabotage trials. Castro's own men dynamited police headquarters in downtown Houlign.

Dr. Guillermo Alonso Pujo (former Cuban vice-president, now living in Ann Arbor, Michigan) sensed the seriousness of the situation and called upon Batista to resign "for the sake of peace." But Batista was now more determined than ever to stay in power. He again suspended constitution-

al guarantees. The cabinet, however, got cold feet and resigned. Batista confronted the puppet congress and demanded that the army be given special powers to squelch the rebellion.

As 1958 progressed, the tempo of the revolution thundered louder. March 14 heralded the beginning of the main struggle. One thousand mourners marched to the anniversary funeral Mass of Jose Echevarria, leader of the ill fated student revolt in 1956. When police beat members of the Havana University Student Federation who were present, the rebels countered by blowing up the huge Castilla rum distillery.

Two days later, Cubans were shocked to learn that Elides Perez, nephew of Havana's "July 26" leader, Dr. Faustin Perez, had been killed in a running gun battle with the highway patrol. General rioting broke out, resulting in the deaths of several policemen.

On March 18, Castro estimated rebel forces to be strong enough for a mass movement, so April 1 was set as the official opening of the rebel's "total war" against Batista. The dictator hurriedly proclaimed martial law in Havana and bolstered the army with seven thousand new recruits.

The rebels scored impressive successes on April 1. Castro promptly delivered an ultimatum to Batista, demanding his resignation by April 5. The document stated that "Refusal would mean violence in all provinces." Batista refused.

Foreign support of the rebellion began to hound the dictator. The Council in Miami broadcast periodically for Batista's overthrow. A special report condemning the brutalities of the Cuban police was prepared by Francis R. Grant and presented to the United Nations. John O'Rouke, president of the Inter-American Press Association, blasted the dictator's mistreatment of the Cuban press. Most daring of all was the unsuccessful invasion attempt by a group of rebel sympathizers from New York City.

Batista viewed these events with considerable dismay, but remained confident that the military could control the insurrection. A note of reassurance came from the neighboring dictator of the Dominican Republic, Rafael Trujillo. Trujillo flew several planes of small arms to Camp Columbia, admonishing Batista to crush the uprising as soon as possible.

From the beginning, the United States attempted the role of the disinterested bystander. Munitions were refused to both Castro and Batista. Nevertheless, tanks and heavy artillery pieces flowed steadily from U.S. Arsenals to Batista's army camps for the purpose of "protection of the western hemisphere." According to the agreement, these arms were to be used only to repel foreign invaders. Batista conveniently interpreted the rebels as "foreign invaders," and mobilized the American war machines.

Dr. Mario Lierena, Castro's American representative, raised a cry of protest against the arms shipments to Cuba. Resentment on the island ran high. A leading Havana attorney summarized public opinion in declaring, "If this continues, the United States will have but one friend in Cuba —Fulgencio Batista!"

The situation was laid before the United States State Department by Earl E. T. Smith, American ambassador to Cuba. Smith made it clear that friction was arising at the expense of American prestige. Newspapers publicized the incident, swinging American sentiment to Castro's movement. Several congressmen threatened to enact the aging Platt Amendment. Finally, in early April, Batista was told that munitions shipments to Cuba were cancelled because of his violation of the Protection Agreement.

The revolution's progress is difficult to follow. Castro declares continued success, while Batista claims that the army will destroy the rebels "in a matter of days." Obviously, Castro is overpowered and outnumbered. A battle in the open would spell disaster for the rebels. But in the rugged terrain of the Sierra Maestas, Castro's troops and tactics are more than a match for the army regulars. The bearded lawyer reigns in this nightmare of razorback ridges, towering peaks, and dense entanglements of pine and mahogany. And he knows

that darkness shows no favorites. Each night his men burn the cane, invade the towns, and snipe at the army, then watch with grim humor as the bungling soldiers kill one another in the confusion.

Batista is losing. Perhaps Castro will fail, but the suppressed people of Cuba will ultimately triumph. Batista once enjoyed the respect of the entire island, but now his name is profaned by peasant and banker alike. He has learned that he must suspect everyone, even his personal guard. Batista clings to the futile hope that the people will return to him. But the Cubans have a new leader and only hatred for the "Little Sergeant." When asked why he would not quit, the short, greying dictator first groped for an answer, then snapped, "I do not want my sons to think their father to be a coward."

Tyrants from the age of Pharaoh have fallen before the colossus of freedom. Batista is finding that terrorism can suppress men's actions, but never their thoughts. Cuba's dictator may rule the day, but each dusk brings more bombings, shootings, and the prophetic wall writing fortelling freedom's resurrection.

Somewhere in the humid undergrowth of the Sierra Maestas is the man who keeps the spark of freedom burning. As this gun loving patriot and his band of ragged fighters doggedly harass Batista, people from Havana to Houign take hope for the future. Castro is their byword; his fight gives example to every freedom hungry Cuban. As one sugar planter explained, pointing south to the mountains, "Castro has won if he does nothing more than stay alive."



They lay under the old oak, with the warm summer breeze caressing their limbs. The moon bathed them with a silver light that turned the Norman countryside into a mystic land of gnomes, and the grass, moist and cool felt good under them. Franz was lighthearted. He had forgotten the Leader, the Fatherland, the tanks, the burning towns, and the screams of the dying. He was young again, a boy in leather shorts who hunted squirrels in the

"No. What tree is it?"

"It is the tree of St. Joan," said Marie, sitting up and clasping her hands around her knees. "Many years ago, St. Joan heard the voices of the saints here before she rode into battle. My grandfather told me this, when we were fishing in the brook that runs through the field over there. It is a very old tree."

"A very old tree," repeated Franz. "And two very young lovers under it. It must have

St. Joan's Tree

By
James
Chambers

forests of Babaria. He playfully toyed with a stray lock of Marie's golden hair.

"So little one," he said, "and what thoughts whirl through your mind, that your eyes gaze at the stars and do not see?"

"I was thinking," she replied. "I was thinking of the times I used to come out here when I was a little girl. I would sit beneath this tree and dream of the things that were to be. Do you know what tree this is?"

sheltered many like us since the time of St. Joan. Do you love me, Marie?"

"No," said the girl, thoughtfully. "No, I don't think I love you."

Franz was not surprised. "Then why are you here with me?" he asked, from idle curiosities.

"Because you are good to me," she answered. "Because you saved me from those two drunken soldiers that came to the house the night the French surrendered. Be-

cause I was hungry, and you gave me food. Because I was alone, and you came to see me. Because my father and brother are dead. And because I have never had a lover before." She lapsed into a languid silence.

Franz liked the sound of her voice. He questioned her again. "Tell me what you used to dream when you were a little girl."

"I would come out to this tree and look at the stars and pretend I was something I could never be. Sometimes, I was a nun, praying in a convent, and the Virgin would appear to me. Sometimes, I was a great lady riding through Paris in a big black automobile. But most of the time I was . . ." She stopped abruptly.

"Yes?" said the German.

"No, I can't tell you. You'd think I'm silly, and you'd laugh."

"I won't laugh. I promise."

"Well," she said quickly, "I used to dream I was St. Joan, riding on a white horse, with a shining sword in my hand. I used to lead charges on castles, and free peasants, and all the people used to kneel down when I rode by. Do you think that's funny?"

"No, I don't think so. When I was a boy, I read a play in school about a hunter named William Tell. And sometimes, in the forests, I would pretend I was William Tell; I would do great things. There's no harm in dreaming—sometimes."

Marie had not heard him. She was remembering a time long gone, a time of peace and happiness.

"I always loved St. Joan," she said in a soft voice. "I had a picture of her once, and I took it to bed with me every night. Often I used to wish that my name were Joan instead of Marie."

Franz felt his passion rising again in his blood. He turned toward her. "I like Marie the way she is, whatever her name is." He kissed her—first gently, then with an increasing force. The white horse and the castles became jumbled in Marie's mind, and she surrendered to the darkness.

The leaves on the tree were green with life. But one had died, and it fell to the ground.

II

Private First Class Edward L. Ritterson, Jr., was scared. The landing had not scared him much. Even seeing half his regiment killed on Omaha Beach was not too bad. But during the siege of Cherbourg, he had noticed that he was trembling slightly. And then, on the march inland, he had gotten progressively worse. The ruined towns, the massacred hostages, the German snipers in every building, the blood and the scattered limbs—all these kept flashing through his mind as he methodically went about the business of killing people. He now felt no hatred of the enemy when he saw an American soldier die; he no longer remembered the better world of tomorrow for which he was fighting; he did not even try to rationalize himself into a contempt of death. As Eddie lay at the foot of the embankment in

the shade of the ancient oak, with the machine gun bullets whining over his head, one thought occupied his mind. It excluded all others, as though his brain were its private estate. The thought was this: "I don't want to die."

The lieutenant motioned the men together. He spoke in quiet tones which would have sounded overly-dramatic to an impartial observer.

"Boys," he said, "we aren't going anywhere until we get rid of that Jerry gun. And there's only one way to do it. We're going to have to charge that gun, one by one, until someone gets close enough to throw a grenade. I'm going to call off numbers; at each number the next man down the line will advance. I don't need to tell you that I have the right to shoot anyone who won't get out of the trench. And, by God, I will. That's all." The men crept back to their positions.

"Worms, that's what they look like," thought Eddie, watching the men. "Worms crawling through the mud. What the hell is this war all about anyhow? You kill them and they kill you and . . . yeah, and *they kill you*. Before, 'you' always used to mean the other guy. Now it means me. I wonder if it's true, what they say. If you keep thinking about death, your number is up. No, I've got to stop this. After all, I wasn't scared back on the beach. I could have gotten killed there, and I wasn't scared. I can't turn yellow now. All the other guys are

fighting just like me, and they're not scared. If I go on like this, I'll crack up, and then they'll send me back with a big sign that says 'Booby' around my neck. So what if I get killed? We all have to go sometime. So what if . . . I get-killed. But I can't get killed. It just can't happen to me."

The lieutenant shouted, "One." A man tumbled over the rise, ran a few steps and fell with blood streaming out of a dozen holes in his body.

"That's only one," thought Eddie. "And I'm seven. Five more guys before me. One of them will get the Jerries. I won't have to go out. I won't have to go out."

"Two," said the lieutenant. Another man advanced, and another man died.

"But I will go out, and I'll die out there. Before, when I got hurt, there was always someone there to help me. There's no one to help me now. Before . . ."

The lieutenant sent a third man into the field. The third man also died. Eddie did not notice.

"I remember, back in Massachusetts, I was playing baseball. I fell and skinned my knee, and it hurt. But I didn't cry. I ran home, and Mom fixed it up. She put red stuff on it and kissed it to make it all better. And I never cried. And she called me her brave little boy. It was nice back in Massachusetts. Sitting on the old porch swing in the cool evenings. Drinking Coke in the hot, dusty field after a game. Mom fixing my tie when I went out on

my first date. Mom always fixed things for me."

Eddie had not noticed the lieutenant creep up behind him. "Seven," said the lieutenant.

The word registered with a roar in Eddie's mind. "Seven—That's me. I can't go out there and die. I can't."

"Ritterson, get out, or, so help me, I'll kill you," said the lieutenant. He raised his revolver and aimed it at the base of Eddie's skull.

"Help me! I can't move. My arms and legs are dead. Mom, help me!"

"Get out! Get out!" screamed the lieutenant at the silent, cowering figure.

"No, Mom, don't let them do it. No . . ." A bullet entered Eddie's brain, smashing his thoughts in a blaze of color. The lieutenant shoved his dead body aside and crawled on.

As the lieutenant called "Eight," a stray shell screamed through the air. It exploded at the base of the oak, shattering its trunk.

III

The jeep bumped along the yellow dust of the road. The fields were green and yellow, and the new wheat covered the tank tracks and burned-out shells. The Jeep stopped at a field covered with neat rows of white, wooden crosses. Two people, a man and a woman, got out, walked between the rows, and stopped at one of the grassy mounds that had recently been moulded over the

mass grave. The driver of the jeep, a corporal, stretched his legs across the seat, lit a cigarette, and took out a copy of the "Stars and Stripes." After a while, the couple returned. The man looked solemn and thoughtful; the woman's eyes were red, but she held herself as erect as her companion. The man spoke a few words to the corporal, and the jeep rolled away.

About a half-mile further, the jeep turned off the road and clawed its way into a meadow. The corporal jumped down. "From the records," he said, "this is approximately the position of his company when he was—when it happened, sir."

Colonel Edward L. Ritterson looked about him. "So this is the place," he thought. "This is the place Eddie died. I've seen so many men die in this damned war that it doesn't seem to affect me. So many young men, hardly out of high school, have died that my own son doesn't make much difference to me. It must be hell on Phyllis though. To her, the rest were just soldiers, not men. She never knew them like I did. But she knew Eddie—he was her own little boy, and some vague, impersonal power has snatched him from her. Damned war." Aloud he said, "Thank you, corporal." He helped his wife down from the jeep.

Mrs. Ritterson's eyes came to rest on the bent trunk of a solitary oak on top of a small rise. Beneath it, a girl of about four

or five was busily thumbing through an obscene magazine that some soldier had accidentally abandon. Her face was stained with dirt and chocolate, and her dress was old and torn.

"Oh, Ed, look," said Mrs. Ritterson. She felt warmth and sympathy flow through her for the first time since the telegram arrived.

"Whose kid is that, corporal?" asked the colonel.

"Oh, that's Joanie, sir," replied the corporal, eager to talk of anything except the purpose of their trip. "She's an orphan, and the soldiers take care of her as good as they can. You see, sir, the villagers won't have anything to do with her. Her father was a German officer."

"Oh, the poor child!" said Mrs. Ritterson. "Do you mean to say no one takes care of her?"

"Well, as I said, ma'am, the soldiers do a little. They feed her chocolate bars and sometimes take her down to the mess hall for supper. And they've rigged up a little shack near camp where she sleeps. But she's had it pretty rough, ma'am. When the Germans pulled out, the villagers started killing the collaborators. They dragged her mother into the square and stoned her to death, right in front of the kid."

"My God," exclaimed Ritterson. "And she saw it?"

"Yes, sir. And not one of them will do a thing for her. The fel-

lows have talked themselves blue in the face trying to get some family to take her in. But no dice, if you know what I mean, sir."

Mrs. Ritterson had walked up to the tree. "Come here, little girl," she said in a low voice. "Come here. I won't hurt you."

The girl dropped the magazine and advanced slowly. "Chocolate, please?" she said, lisping. "Chocolate, please?"

The woman enveloped the little girl in her arms. "My poor baby," she crooned, rocking her back and forth. "My poor, poor baby." Her eyes were wet with tears.

She returned slowly, leading the puzzled child by the hand. "Ed," she said, "Ed, do you think . . ."

Ritterson understood. He looked at his wife, then at the orphan. "Well, it's going to take a lot of doing, but, if you want her, I'll start cutting through red tape this very morning. But be sure you really want her, now."

"I'm sure," said Mrs. Ritterson. She lifted the child into the jeep. As the colonel helped his wife in, a half-smile played across his lips. He gave the order, and the jeep bumped off.

The tree of St. Joan was black and splintered. From all appearances, it looked quite dead. But, if one examined the roots closely, one could see a few green shoots forcing their way upward toward the sun.

THE ROMANTIC HERO

BY
THOMAS
RYAN

"But this is human life: the war,
the deeds,
The disappointment, the anxiety,
Imaginations, struggles, far and
and nigh,
All human; bearing in themselves
this good,
That they are still the air, the
subtle food,
To make us feel existence; and to
shew
How quiet death is. Where soil is
men grow.
Whether to weeds or flowers;
..."

The greatest of the Romantics never viewed life and reality as evil. They accepted life as it is and tried to choose always the best in life. Each Romantic author saw man as possessing an ideal. Life consisted of a series of actions in search of this ideal. The poet is the man who, driven by this thirst, never hesitates, never chooses a lesser good. Each of the Romantics visualized this ideal in a different way.

Wordsworth saw the ideal as man's search for the beauty of simplicity. If man would seek out the simple things of life he would find happiness. Cities with their crowded streets and dirty factories, demanding of men a system of diplomacy and complex ethics, were held as the great antithesis of the ideal. While learning obtained from books has a value, it can never be of worth unless its lessons are understood in the light of Nature and the simplicity of rural life. The lessons learned from the speech of children often have more value than the studied speech of grown men. A woman is most beautiful when she is most natural, i.e. when she relies on the beauty she possesses of herself rather than cluttering it with the affectations and aids of conventional society. When a man abandons society and its complex turmoil for the simplicity of the countryside he finds quiet, peace, and happiness.

Byron's ideal is totality. Each of Byron's heroes searches for the complement of his being. In most cases this is equivalent to a search for the woman who was created for him. There could be no rest or happiness until this woman was found. The driving force of the ideal is the yearning of each man for that which is missing within him. It is a Platonic concept of love where man seeks his other half, i.e. the woman who was created with him. The search is to be made with complete freedom of action. No conventional morality or custom is to hinder this search.

Shelley saw the ideal as freedom. Man must incessantly strive to eliminate tyranny and conventional restraint from the search for beauty. Everything has a value, even evil. From decay is born the beauty of tomorrow. Thus man must free himself completely in order to search unrestrainedly throughout reality for beauty. Ultimately he will possess beauty and in this possession he will have achieved his ideal—complete freedom.

Keats pictured the ideal as an ever upward striving for the ultimate truth. The yearning for truth draws man onward through any danger, past any temptation. Only by true thinking can happiness be attained. The highest love is the complement found in two true thinking persons who have found in each other a portion of the ideal they seek. This truth must be found in reality

and any attempt to escape reality will lead to confusion and loss of beauty.

Coleridge was the most abstract, that is he searches for the truth of existence that may be interpreted by every man for himself. The trials of Coleridge's hero are a portrait of man's search for the ideal and his horror at the non-natural life he has led. When man reaches a high degree of success in attaining the ideal, he feels compelled to relate his experience to others in an effort to help them progress toward this ideal.

For each of the Romantics, beauty is equivocable with the ideal. Each hero is drawn towards the beauty of nature and in this beauty he finds his ideal. It is as if the hero stood facing beauty whose brightness sent rays in all directions. The objects of reality then pass between the hero and beauty and reflect the rays of beauty. The hero, being human, cannot look directly at beauty but, rather, collects the gleams of beauty reflected in the objects of reality. As he gains a deeper insight into beauty, the hero narrows the distance between himself and beauty. The fulfillment of his ideal and the attainment of happiness come at the moment when the gap between the hero and beauty is closed. In his progress toward beauty the hero must never hesitate. If he does he will fall back from his ideal and may even become weak enough to accept a lesser goal in place of the ideal.

"There, when new wonders
ceas'd to float before,
And thoughts of self come on,
how crude and sore
The journey homeward to habitual self!
A mad-pursuing of the fog-horn elf,
Whose flitting lantern, through
rude nettle-briar,
Cheats us into a swamp, into a fire;
Into the bosom of a hated thing."

The hero counts the passage of life in terms of action rather than time. Each action which he performs brings him closer or farther from the ideal. Time is unimportant because it is passive. Only action can win or lose the ideal. As the hero draws closer to the ideal he also draws farther from the circle of society and he becomes a solitary man. Few people have attained his level and are therefore capable of sympathetic relations with him. Yet his isolation does not humble the hero. He remains unashamed of his ideal and at times even proud. The closer he comes to his ideal the less humble he is and he even tries to teach others how to find beauty. When he enters the search for the ideal, the hero gives up all other activity and pursues the ideal relentlessly. The hero thus is one

"Who comprehends his trust, and
to the same

Keeps faithful with a singleness
of aim;
Who, whether praises of him
must walk the earth
For ever, and to noble deeds give birth,
Or he must fall to sleep without
his fame,
And leave a dead unprofitable name—
Finds comfort in himself and in
his cause;
And, while the mortal mist is
gathering, draws
His breath in confidence of
Heaven's applause."

The fulfillment of happiness which is attained in possession of beauty (the ideal) is, for the Romantics, the attainment of Immortality. Existence with the ideal is a static state of perfection which has no degree of mutability. It is this sense of the immortality of beauty that has prompted the Romantic's reverence for antiquity and the beauties of Greece and Rome. This quality of immortality in ancient art is expressed by Keats in the opening lines of Endymion:

"A thing of beauty is a joy for
ever:
Its loveliness increases; it will
never
Pass into nothingness; but still
will keep
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep
Full of sweet dreams, and health,
and quiet breathing."

The cell was bare except for the simple bed of dry, pricking straw on which lay Fra Storizi fully clad in his rough, woolen habit. The thick planks were clanking as the old monk rolled restlessly over and over, wrapping his worn habit tighter and tighter about his shabby flesh.

"Maria! Maria!" he squeaked in a discolored tone. "Don't leave me!"

Finally he settled on the outer edge of the end board. It rocked twice then clattered to the stone floor, releasing its burden in the process. Storizi woke with a start. The scattered straw and the displaced plank retold the nocturnal accident in painful language.

"Maria, Maria," he said sharply, "you shouldn't bother me when I am asleep. Next time I may not be so lucky."

He slowly struggled to his bare feet and shook the sharp pieces of straw from his garment. The tower bell struck thrice. Storizi grabbed the long, heavy plank and carefully fitted it back into place; then he gathered the bigger patches of straw from the floor and spread them generously over the bare board. Perspiring a little he sat on the edge of the reassembled bed, slid his blistered hands over his feet to remove the dirt, and slowly settled on the bed.

"Ahhh!" he sighed. "Maria, you're a naughty girl." He shifted slightly to burrow his way deeper into the warm straw. Suddenly the entire bed creaked, swayed a

A Rose For Maria By John Gulassa

little, then crashed to the floor.

"Maria!" Storizi protested from the floor.

Maria was Storizi's former fiancee. They had been born in the small village of Amstetten in Austria scarcely a few days apart. When he, Petric, had toiled in the wheat fields as a young boy, Maria had always been nearby singing and playing games and laughing at him because he had to work. Petric would yell, "Maria, I shall whip you later."

Maria only laughed louder and danced at a safe distance, daring Petric to carry out his threat.

"Maria, I shall make you my wife this year," Petric announced

one night as they slowly strolled in the tiny forest outside of Amstetten. "We shall have many children; and they shall grow up to be great, not simple farmers like the people of Amstetten. I only hope that one of our sons becomes a friar at Sant Stephano."

"Why do you wish that, Petric," asked Maria.

"Because I always have had such a love for the holy monks. When I was young my mother took me to Grein to hear the friars chant the Christmas Mass. It was so beautiful that I cried. I have not been able to go to Grein since, but some day I shall journey there and hear the Christmas Mass again."

Two weeks later Petric's rich cousin Karl from Grein visited Amstetten. Petric bashfully asked him about the friars of Sant Stephano.

"Oh Petric," shouted Karl, "I have planned to spend a fortnight there on my way back home. I shall take you with me, then you will see for yourself what the holy monks are doing."

Petric was so happy he skipped and jumped around the house like a small child.

"Maria, Maria!" he shouted lifting his fiancee by the hips and pirouetting around the field next to his house. "Karl has promised to take me to Sant Stephano tomorrow. Isn't that wonderful?"

"No, Petric," retorted Maria with a sad, childish grimace on her pretty face.

"Why, Maria?" asked Petric throwing her gently into the air then catching her in his strong arms.

"I am afraid that if you go to Sant Stephano too often, you will fall in love with the monks and forget about little Maria."

"But, Maria," protested Petric, "this is the first time since I was a little boy. Is it too often if I go once more?"

"Okay, Petric, go, but you must come back," Maria said, shaking a finger in his face. But she felt he would never return.

"Oh, Maria," exclaimed Petric closing his eyes and spreading his arms to embrace her; but she stealthily slipped away. He immediately opened his large, blue eyes. Maria was running down the dusty path laughing, "Oh, Petric, you foolish angel."

"Maria!" yelled Petric, his expression of surprise blooming into a broad smile . . .

"Maria!" yelled Fra Storizi.

A heavy knock on his cell door stirred Storizi from the ruins of his former bed. The aged monk scrambled to his feet. Immediately the few boards that had withstood the general collapse of the bed clanked to the floor.

"Now look what you've done, Maria," murmured Fra Storizi as he approached the door.

"Fra Storizi, are you tearing down the walls," questioned Fra Nicolo, the youthful superior. "Twice during the night a loud crash was heard to come from your cell. What are you doing?"

"Look," said Fra Storizi pointing to his dismantled bed, "Maria is up to her old tricks again."

Fra Nicolo gawked at the mess then looked at the old, holy friar.

"Who is this Maria?" inquired Nicolo, thinking perhaps the woman was the Blessed Mother.

"She is my girl friend," retorted Fra Storizi calmly.

"Maria is your girl friend?"

"Yes, she came to visit me tonight while I was asleep. I was so surprised I fell out of bed. We are both sorry for any trouble we caused."

"This is going to have to stop, Fra Storizi. I can't have half of the community rapping on my cell door all night because of you and this Maria."

"But, Fra Nicolo, she is so beautiful! How can I help it?"

"She must be the Blessed Mother," gulped Nicolo silently as he left Storizi.

"See, Maria, you are getting me into trouble already. I ought to whip you."

Slowly the word trickled around Sant Stephano that Fra Storizi was having visions of the Blessed Mother.

"There is our saintly friar, Fra Storizi the gardener," bragged Fra Bernardo to a visiting monk. "He often sees the Blessed Mother in his cell."

Storizi stood in the garden, not knowing he was being observed, and thrilled at the ecstatic aroma of his prized flowers. It was spring—Maria's favorite season. "Maria, which flower do you like

the best," he asked.

"Shhh," whispered Fra Bernardo touching a finger to his lips. "I think he sees her now."

Storizi bent over to pick a choice red rose he had been nursing for a few weeks. "Maria, you shall have this."

After breaking the frail stem of the flower, Storizi piously walked through the cloister, past Fra Benedicto the porter, and out of the monastery. For the first time in fifty years of monastic life Fra Storizi passed through the wooden gate of Sant Stephano. Benedicto tried to stutter a question, but he was too surprised. He stood outside the monastery watching Storizi walking down the road to Grein and bearing the red gift for Maria in his folded hands.

When Storizi reached the market square of Grein, he gradually became the center of attraction. The curious eyes of the shouting buyers turned toward the aged monk, perspiring and dirty in his heavy, discolored habit.

"He's walking in his sleep," shouted a sarcastic rogue. The square resounded with deep laughter. Storizi didn't abandon his peculiar stateliness. He was oblivious to all.

Slightly roughed up and his cloak dripping from rotted produce, Storizi slowly passed out of the jeering market of Grein and continued to Amstetten. The day was gradually fading as the sun soaked into the distant, rolling hills.

After supper Fra Benedicto hesitatingly went to his superior and told him that Storizi had left the monastery early that afternoon.

"Yes, Fra Nicolo, I saw him leave with a bright red rose in his hands." Benedicto put his mouth close to Nicolo's ear and whispered, "Either he's a holy man or he's going insane."

Nicolo instinctively jerked back in his straight, wooden chair. "Fra Benedicto, you shouldn't say such things. Fra Storizi is a very holy man." Benedicto turned as if to leave. "Benedicto, you are responsible for Fra Storizi. You realize he is very old. You shouldn't have let him go."

"Maybe he went to pray to Maria in the wood outside of the monastery," suggested Benedicto his hands flying about in confused, jerky gestures. "I'll find him."

Benedicto searched the wood thoroughly, but Storizi was not to be found. "Oh, Storizi, Storizi, why did you ever leave," he sobbed, trembling slightly. Thick darkness swept onto the wood, filling Benedicto's wild imagination with weird silhouettes. Benedicto attempted a hastened step, but bumped into a withered beast. Leaping back he shrieked madly. He stumbled to the ground and buried his eyes in quaking hands, the only escape from the mid-

night menagerie. Weeping gently he slowly tumbled back, asleep.

The first faint streams of light yawned through the simple trees and stirred the restless Benedicto from his grassy bedroom. "Storizi," he mumbled unconsciously. "Storizi!" he exclaimed, suddenly realizing the situation he was in. The wood offered no resistance to Benedicto as he quickly slipped out of it.

The road back to Sant Stephano was long and empty. "A fruitless search," murmured Benedicto. He feared what Nicolo would say. Benedicto began to sob again. Nicolo would probably send him away for letting Storizi leave the monastery. Looking up he saw the wretched figure of Storizi still clutching the cherished rose coming down the road toward him. Storizi's habit was wet from perspiration, his face was dusty. Each of his steps was slower and less sure than the previous one. Benedicto wiped his red-ringed eyes and ran to help the old monk.

"Fra Storizi, where have you been? I've looked all over for you!"

Storizi gazed straight ahead as if he heard or saw nothing. The rose slowly slipped through his fingers and tumbled to the ground. "She's dead!" he cried.

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By
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With the coming of Romanticism, personality first stepped into painting, and in the footsteps of personality walked the Father of French Romanticism, Eugène Delacroix, personality personified. In him, this new, vibrant force of Romanticism had its start, at least, that is, in the field of French painting. The whole gamut of romantic qualities was lodged in him—the flaring imagination, the quivering enthusiasm, the love of the mystifying and the exotic, the sense of individuality, warmth, love. They were all there, filled to their artistic maximum in the greatness of his genius.

In contradistinction to the coldness and abstraction of classicism, the work of Delacroix and the Romantic "school" sought to live, sought to free itself from the strict restrictions of stagnant classicism. That one word, *freedom*, just about sums up the spirit of the times. In fact, one can hardly say that there was a romantic "school," for the men who composed that so-called "school" were of a very great and marked diversity of style and character. They were individualists. The individual was the main person. The painter put down his *own* thoughts, his *own* personal feelings on any given subject, and most important of all, he did this all in his *own* special way, not merely expressing an impersonal opinion on an equally impersonal subject. The Romantic painters could not stand to cower to the whims of a classical-spoiled art audience, and they did not. This made them especially Delacroix as the leader, at the beginning of the movement, subject to a great storm of critical abuse. Delacroix was ridiculed during nearly all his life by the classic-steeped critics who just could not see his newness, his seemingly lawless innovations. The Romantic painters in France were a lonely group at least until their work caught on.

Delacroix, then, was the leader of his rejected new school. He was ridiculed from the very first, even by some of his fellow painters, especially some of the older painters of the classic school.

When he first exhibited his "Massacre of Cios," a moving picture of slaughter painted in the flowing Delacroix style. The aged Gros, one of the greats of the French classic school, is said to have called it, "The Massacre of Painting." Delacroix himself said, "I became the abomination of painting, I was refused water and salt." But a little later on in one of his writings he says in true Romantic spirit, "I was enchanted with myself!" And so he painted, painted—to the disgust of the art critics—slaughter and massacre, the horrors of war, tragedy, sadness, violence. The language of his brush was the language of his soul. He spoke through his pictures. His was the dying and the sorrow and the love. His was the dashing and the daring and the fearless. Every picture was a self-portrait. All his life he had to struggle to control this impetuous nature, had to rule it, curb it, and set it down on canvas with a restrained technique that would insure its enduring into posterity.

Every line he painted was painted with a purpose; every shade he added was an improvement. A flaw to him was an abomination. His pictures are so well constructed that to remove or touch anything in any of them would be like drawing the heart from a man—it would die. He was the master of composition.

One of his characteristics was his splendid imagination. The wide scope and variety of this great faculty of his can be easily

seen from the amount of work he left behind—some 11,000 pastels, watercolors, and sketches, plus numerous panel paintings for various buildings. He painted just about everything under the sun—religious subjects, oriental scenes, portraits, m u r a l s—everything. He constantly supplied his mind with new ideas by incessant reading in the writers of his time, by numerous trips to various foreign lands, and by a very great love for poetry and music, the latter interest inspired by Chopin, a man much after his own taste and ideals.

By far the greatest innovation of Delacroix was his splendid and fiery use of color. Beside the somber, deadened tone of the classic, his coloration is the rising of the sun after a long, dark night. His hues are only the primary ones, but they are woven together and blended with such a hidden sensitiveness that they seem to glow and burst with life and movement. The colors are put together so as to catch a moment's emotion, catch it and preserve it, making it live forever in all the intensity of its brief existence. The shades are not the classic straight shades, but are very often cross-hatched together in order to make them vibrate all the more. They are contrasted still more violently by the use of shadows with a certain amount of tinge added to the shadows so that they are not just the blotting of light,

but are a brief eclipse, striving to come once more into the fullness of light. His system of coloring has never been successfully copied and will remain so, because it is something original and very much a personal thing. Only if Delacroix would come back to life again, could Delacroix's color be born once more.

All of his work can be summed up in one of his greatest works, "The Entry of the Crusaders into Constantinople." Here is Delacroix sprawled all over the canvas—fire, terrific motion, love of color, moving background. All we have to do is let ourselves slip a little and then—back we are in Constantinople; war cries ring through the air; sobs of the dying and the bereaved rise all around us; the air is filled with the smoke of the burning city and the shimmering Mediterranean rolls in the distance. And marching right at us in staid and leering dignity are the conquerors. Notice the pride, the portliness, the somber story of war written all over the faces of these heartless men. Even their horses shy away from the smell of destruction, and their eyes bulge out with terror, yet still they come on, straining to live, to get out of the confining bonds of the painting. Smell the blood in the air, the glory, the sorrow, the fire, the death! Yes, here is Delacroix at his height. Here Delacroix and Romanticism are one.